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## THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

**S**ELDOM has a Minister encountered auguries less encouraging than those which have greeted Lord PALMERSTON at the opening of the Session of 1857. A bright morning does not always, it is true, ensure a fine noon; but when the day breaks with such thick and lowering clouds as those which now hang on the Parliamentary horizon, it requires no great sagacity to predict an early storm. The debate on the Address is generally regarded as a sort of complimentary challenge, like the salute of a duellist before he unsheathes his sword, or the shaking of hands in the prize-ring before the gloves are taken off. On Tuesday night, however, the hat assumed a defiant cock, and the hand-shaking was somewhat too much of an angry squeeze. To face, on his opening day, not only the professional hostility of the regular Opposition leaders, but the more damaging criticisms of Lord GREY, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, affords no pleasant prospect to a Minister who will have to keep the ring open every night till August.

The Queen's Speech was very much like a hall-table at Christmas—it displayed a greater abundance of "little bills" than of presents. Her Majesty's Commissioners informed "my Lords and Gentlemen" of a good many facts, more or less unpleasant, with which "my Lords and Gentlemen" were already perfectly well acquainted. There has been a disturbance at Neuchâtel—there was a difficulty in America—there has been a Conference at Paris—the King of NAPLES has been lectured without success, and, proving refractory, has been punished by the secession of Mr. LOWTHER—we have bombarded Canton, and are invading Persia. The only novelty we have been able to discover is the important announcement of a treaty of commerce with the King of SIAM. In short, from beginning to end, it is a foreign-policy Speech. Domestic topics are treated with the cavalier indifference characteristic of a Minister who seeks, by a blustering and meddling external policy, to conceal his incapacity for practical legislative improvement, at home. Some Bills for the amendment of the law are hinted at, and Parliament is recommended "to take into its consideration" the Bank Charter Act. Such is the not very hopeful inauguration of Lord PALMERSTON's Peace Administration. Everywhere, as Mr. DISRAELI said, we have "wars and rumours of wars."

The future may be left to develop itself, nor have we any disposition to indulge in vague speculation on matters on which we must soon be in a position to speak with certain information. We hope, however, for the sake of the Government, that Ministers will be able to offer the country some more substantial fruits of a peace which we have won at a heavy cost of privation and self-denial, than the very slender legislative banquet which the Speech spreads before us. The war has been, for the last two years, the ever-ready and convenient excuse for all shortcomings on the Treasury Bench. But it is now used up, and the heads of the Government departments must be prepared to justify their continued tenure of office on their own merits. Two disagreeable and expensive Eastern wars, and a few unsolved European "difficulties," will hardly supply the place of the struggle with Russia as a pretext for legislative inactivity, or as an argument against financial revision. Arms are now silent, and the toga resumes its rightful precedence. The natural predominance of our domestic politics is restored, and the Ministry will be judged by its capacity to deal with internal questions. It will be an unsafe game to attempt to divert public attention from matters of importance at home by plunging the country into petty foreign broils, entered upon without consideration, and abandoned without dignity.

The PREMIER gained an easy victory over Mr. DISRAELI

on some minor points raised in Tuesday night's debate, and hit off with admirable humour the absurdity of the mare's nest of the "secret treaty." He justly ridiculed the inveterate passion for mysteries which has pursued the member for Bucks from his literary into his political career. Mr. DISRAELI is never satisfied to see things in a natural and possible point of view. If not a Caucasian, there must be a European mystery; and the head of the Government, instead of being called to account for diplomatic blunders, must needs be dressed up as a traitor of romance. To hear the leader of the sober country gentlemen gravely propounding to the House of Commons a cock-and-bull story which would have been criticised as ridiculous in a novel of Mrs. RADCLIFFE's, is incredibly comical. The alarming discovery of a secret negotiation by which the French Government, at the special instance of Lord PALMERSTON, had guaranteed to Austria her Italian dominions, indicates a credulity of which Mr. URQUHART could hardly have been capable, and into which the *Morning Herald* would scarcely have been betrayed. Is it possible that the wonderful revelations with which that journal has lately favoured the public are also the results of Mr. DISRAELI's recent sojourn in Paris? Can it be that it is the right honourable gentleman himself who wields "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and who is to appear shortly, in his own person, as the "hinge of the hitch?" What a pity that the member for Bucks cannot barter a portion of his unquestionable ability for a modicum of common sense!

The jovial jocularities of the PREMIER, however, which served him admirably against the dramatic impeachment of Mr. DISRAELI, lamentably broke down when it was brought to bear on the matter-of-fact charges alleged against his recent policy. Dexterous in exposing, and successful in ridiculing, the blunders of a Parliamentary adversary, he made no serious attempt to rebut the graver accusations urged against his administration of our international affairs; and we vainly seek in his speech for any facts or arguments calculated to convince the country that its foreign relations are prudently and creditably managed. The House appears to have been, for the moment, satisfied with a Ministerial explanation which explained nothing; but we greatly doubt whether thinking politicians of any class or party will be equally disposed to accept a smart and showy rhetoric as a substitute for firm, sagacious, and successful statesmanship. We have considered more at length, in another place, Lord PALMERSTON's defence of his conduct in the affairs of the Paris Conferences and the Neapolitan Note. The severe and statesmanlike reply of Lord JOHN RUSSELL leaves little to be added on these topics, and nothing to be improved.

For the future, finance is clearly the rock ahead of Ministers; and it seems that their adversaries mean to give them neither reprieve nor quarter. The "sailing-before-the-wind" doctrine will not be found of very easy application to the subject of the Income-tax. An Exchequer cannot be filled with bluster, and a Budget must be made of more solid materials than a Foreign-Office Blue-book. The Chinese war and the Persian invasion may be very good things in their way, but, somehow or other, they must be paid for; and to find "ways and means" at home is more difficult than to write letters of advice to Kings and Queens abroad. We observe that the *Times*, following in the wake of our respected contemporary, the *Morning Herald*, has found in the debate of Tuesday the germs of new coalitions. It appears to us, however, that the determination of Mr. GLADSTONE to support the principles of his own Budget is a somewhat slight foundation on which to build the hypothesis of an alliance with its principal opponent. Finance, we should have thought, would have been the least probable field that could be imagined for the approximation of the two rival CHANCELLORS of the EXCHEQUER. If Mr. DISRAELI thinks fit to

adopt "the settlement of 1853" as the basis of his financial projects, it would be carrying the doctrine of antagonism somewhat far to expect that Mr. GLADSTONE should there-upon feel himself called upon to repudiate his own Budget.

#### DALILAH.

MR. ROEBUCK, at Liverpool, painted a picture of contemporary manners which has no counterpart except the first in that series of Hogarthian sketches whose name sounds less agreeably in the ears of our fastidious generation than the "Rake's Progress." The country girl, newly arrived in London, is surrounded with fewer snares than the local politician just landed in Parliament, with the bloom of the parish vestry on his conscience. A well-dressed and smooth-spoken gentleman accosts him, inquiring blandly about his home, his prospects, and his views of the Persian question. Yet this is only the Whipper-in, a professional entrapper of political virtues; and even while he speaks, the wary PREMIER watches the couple askance, with an eye to future debauches in the right-hand lobby. Indeed, HOGARTH'S maiden is exposed at fewer points than the rustic senator. If she falls, she has only her own weakness to thank for it; but CINCINNATUS, frail himself, is still frailer in respect of his wife, and it is generally the fault of that lady's taste for good society if he is soon found cheering in the loose company of the Treasury Bench, or, last sad catastrophe! ends his political career in the lazar-house of sinecure place. There is, however, a pendant to Mr. ROEBUCK'S canvas, and the two pictures should hang together. "Nature," says the Laureate, "is one with rapine. The may-fly is torn by the swallow; the sparrow is speared by the shrike." There are those who cajole statesmen, just as statesmen cajole provincial representatives. There are ladies who get to the windward of experienced Premiers, just as the experienced wives of Premiers get to the windward of unsophisticated Radicals. One of them has just died—a lady who passed a long and not inconspicuous life in endeavouring to wheedle strong men out of the secret of their strength. Sometimes she bound her admirer with seven green withes, but he got up and laughed in her face. Sometimes she involved him in a patiently-woven web of cunning contrivance, but, to the amazement of all who had been summoned to see, he went his way, carrying with him both the web and the beam. Only once or twice she succeeded in shearing the honours of her victim's head; and the unfortunate statesman, betrayed and blinded, found himself in the act of making sport for the Philistines of St. Petersburg.

Princess LIEVEN had unquestionably considerable influence, though its nature and its extent are far from being well understood. A great and well-born lady, inhabiting a great and well-appointed house, can always have influence of a certain sort with politicians, if she chooses to prefer the society of hard-toiled middle-aged men to that of idle dandies in primrose gloves. But Princess LIEVEN had other fascinations for statesmen besides the flattering pleasure she took in their company. Mr. THACKERAY has laid down broadly, that any woman could make a conquest of any man, if she went the right way about it. The right way about it is to understand the sex; and Princess LIEVEN, to a bright wit and great natural talent, added the power of looking upon political questions from a literally masculine point of view. It was not so much that she took an interest in politics, as that she thought, wrote, and talked about them exactly as a man would. So rare is this capacity in woman, and so powerful is the impression which it leaves, that there are many persons ready to exaggerate to extravagance its results in Princess LIEVEN. Some people tell you that she was the master-spirit of the Greek revolution, the mainspring of the Catholic Association, and, in later times, the authoress of the Spanish marriages. But there is a large class of men who, like children at a peep-show, always insist on looking at the back of the showman's box. It is incredible that Princess LIEVEN can have even sensibly affected the events attributed to her initiative. The whole language held about her, and about female influence and female intrigues, belongs not to the nineteenth century, but to the seventeenth. In Mr. KEMBLE'S *State Papers* we find a British Minister writing from Dresden:—"At night I was conducted by the Hanover Envoy to Madame de ROCKLITZ and her mother, and he entreated me to give them the best words I could, full of commendations for the good offices they had done in keeping the Elector from acting against the Allies; and that if they did bring

him absolutely over, all who were concerned would have a just sense of their great merits." Now, here are true female influence and a real intrigue. A certain German Prince has sixteen or twenty thousand men whom he can dispose of by the merest exercise of will. A certain lady is in delicate relations with the Prince. The English Ambassador has a nocturnal interview with the lady, and tells her most intelligibly that, if she keeps the Elector from joining LOUIS XIV., she shall be well paid for it. Madame DE ROCKLITZ did secure the neutrality of the Elector of SAXONY; but Princess LIEVEN ought not to have the credit, or the discredit, of rendering this sort of service to anybody. She conversed with politicians about politics with feminine tact and masculine sense. She described to them the persons and opinions of foreign statesmen who, but for her, would have been to them mere names and shadows. She flattered them, argued with them, and sometimes ventured to advise them. She talked with them, and made them talk. But the circumstances of her generation did not permit much more than this. Her only exceptional influence arose from her power of communicating the information she had received to the Court of St. Petersburg, and from her more or less accurate knowledge of its sympathies and designs. But a lady who conveys intelligence in this way ought not to be called an intriguer. The proper word is a much shorter one.

Russia has kept up a belief in diplomacy longer than any other European Power, and she has been the latest to place confidence in emissaries like Princess LIEVEN. She is probably undeceived at last. The colossal blunder of the Turkish Aggression was the accumulated result of the half-truths and falsehoods which a legion of titled spies had been carrying to the ears of the Czar NICHOLAS. The astonishing delusions as to the state of feeling in England which were revealed by the EMPEROR'S famous conversation with Sir HAMILTON SEYMOUR, furnish a criterion of the value of the services which he had so highly prized and paid for; and it is not to be believed that his son will forget the lesson. Everywhere else in Europe, even in countries apparently the most autocratically governed, national interests have become the motive power of foreign policy, and the zealots of personal influence ought to be silenced for ever by the conduct of Austria in the late war. Here, in England, the part of Princess LIEVEN has been impossible for a century past. When a member of Parliament is wavering between his duty to his constituency and his allegiance to the Government he supports, a great lady, like Mr. DISRAELI'S Countess of ST. JULIANS, may secure his vote by judicious card-dropping. She may even hope to have Church patronage abandoned to her, and to feed ecclesiastical faction with the bread of bishoprics. But, in matters secular, there are narrow limits to her power, and Mrs. NORTON or Miss MARTINEAU exercises a more important influence on public affairs than the greatest *grande dame* in Belgravia.

#### FOREIGN-POLICY GOVERNMENT.

AS might have been expected, one of the first proceedings on the part of the Opposition at the meeting of Parliament was to call upon the Government for an account of the Foreign Policy pursued during the recess. This course was alike legitimate and natural. We live under an administration of foreign policy, and of nothing but foreign policy; and Parliament may therefore well ask where this policy has led us, and whither it is likely to conduct us. The great facts of the vacation have been the Paris Conferences and the Neapolitan negotiations; and we confess that the account rendered to the nation of these two transactions by Lord PALMERSTON seems to us anything but satisfactory. To say the least, it is a novel and somewhat unconstitutional course which the Government adopts in declining to publish the papers relative to the late dispute with Russia. If it is to be said that Parliament is to know nothing while negotiations are pending, for fear of interrupting an amicable settlement, and that, when they are concluded, it is still to know nothing, for fear of rekindling recent animosities, we should like to be informed what becomes of responsible government and Parliamentary control. Granting, however, that it is desirable, now that peace is concluded, to abstain from resuscitating angry feelings, or from appearing to treat a newly-recovered ally as a suspected enemy, the further question remains—how was it that the negotiations respecting the disputed frontier were carried on in a temper which renders this sort of reticence wise and politic? If it is



true that the publication of the Bolgrad papers would revive angry feelings, it can only be because the discussion was conducted in an angry tone. This brings us back to the old question—why was the Conference in the first place so boisterously refused, and afterwards so tamely conceded? The history of the affair is plain enough, on Lord PALMERSTON's own showing. The object of the Treaty of March was to secure the Danube from Russian proximity, and it was with this intention that the line of demarcation was drawn. The Bolgrad blot was probably unknown to all the parties till the ground came to be surveyed; and when it was discovered, the Russians naturally insisted on the accidental advantage which they possessed by the letter of the Treaty, while the Western Powers, no less naturally, demanded such a rectification of the line which they had mapped out as would accord more exactly with the spirit of the negotiations. The worst that can be said of the affair is, that there was a pardonable blunder on the part of the Allies, and rather sharp practice on the side of the Russians. The French Government regarded the matter in this light, and proposed what seemed to be a businesslike and common-sense mode of settling the dispute, by a supplemental Conference in which the Czar should receive some equivalent for the technical rights which he was called upon to relinquish. Why so sensible, statesmanlike, and moderate a suggestion was not acceded to at once is, we confess, just as unintelligible to us after Lord PALMERSTON's explanation as it was two months ago. Most persons will agree in the opinion expressed by Lord JOHN RUSSELL when he said:—"The extraordinary part, to me, of these discussions is that, in the course of them, so much asperity should have been displayed—that it should have been thought necessary to rouse this country almost to fever-heat—and that there should have been so much intemperance and feeling with respect to a point so simple." The blustering refusal to accept the natural solution of the difficulty into which we had got by our own slovenliness was retracted with as little dignity as it had been persisted in with little reason; and the result has proved the wisdom of the proposal against which the Government so loudly declaimed, and to which at length they so tamely yielded. The compensation awarded to Russia for the surrender of her claim on Bolgrad is a practical recognition that her pretensions were not without foundation; but the ill feeling which was so unnecessarily kept alive by our negotiations is revealed by the fact that it is thought unsafe to lay before Parliament the details of the discussion. While, therefore, we can guess pretty well why the Conferences were ultimately conceded, we must be content to remain in the dark as to the grounds on which they were originally refused.

If the Government defence halted on the subject of the Paris Conferences, it absolutely broke down on the question of the Neapolitan intervention. The observations of Lord JOHN RUSSELL on this point are deserving of special attention, not only for their intrinsic gravity and truth, but also on account of his recent and personal familiarity with the whole bearings of the question. "The member for Bucks," says Lord JOHN RUSSELL, "has asked me whether, as I said last year that I was satisfied with the speech of my noble friend at the head of the Government upon the subject of Italy, I was satisfied with what had been since done. I am sorry to say that I am by no means satisfied with what has since taken place." He then proceeded to point out that there were two courses, either of which Ministers might have pursued with advantage. They might have tendered, in concurrence with Austria, a friendly remonstrance to the Court of Naples, which would not improbably have been attended with success. "There was also another mode which Lord CLARENDON began to pursue, and that was, saying that there were cases in which it was not only the right, but the duty, of this country to interfere; and having laid down that rule, to take care that the interference should be effectual." Lord JOHN RUSSELL is of opinion that, if such a policy had been pursued, the object in view would probably have been attained; and he comments, with natural indignation, on the humiliating avowal made in the Queen's Speech, that "to the King of NAPLES good advice was given, but that he would not take it, and therefore our Minister was withdrawn." In fact, the affair recalls the old story of the Speaker who had threatened a noisy M.P., that he would name him to the House, but who, when asked what the consequences of putting into execution the awful menace would have been, was compelled to reply, "The Lord in heaven only knows."

The lamentable result of Lord PALMERSTON's forcibly-

feeble policy on the actual state of the Italian question is described by Lord JOHN RUSSELL in language precisely in accordance with the views we have lately expressed. "The first evil," he says, is that, by his bold and successful resistance to the empty menaces of the English Government, "the King of NAPLES has been raised in general estimation, and the Government of Great Britain proportionately lowered. I must say that many who never respected him before respected him on that occasion. All the friends of despotism rejoiced—all the extreme friends of revolution rejoiced. Those who murmured were the friends of just and constitutional liberty. Such were the practical consequences produced by the course of interference which we have pursued. What has been the state of Naples since? Is it better than it was before the 8th of April, on which day Lord CLARENDON made his speech in the Conference at Paris? It has been far worse. Every evil has been aggravated. The KING himself has grown more jealous and suspicious; the public places are shut up, and there is fear in all places of general resort. Persons who have been at Naples, and those who write letters from that city, inform me that they never saw such sorrow, such fear, and such dejection as they have seen in that once gay and much-esteemed city of Naples. This, I am assured, is the consequence, and the natural consequence, of the kind of interference that has been adopted." It is in the following terms that Lord JOHN RUSSELL sums up his deliberate judgment as to the character of the Ministerial policy in this matter:—"If this is the way in which her Majesty's Government think to solve the great problem of Italy, let me assure them that, though there may be politicians who will say that it must be left alone—that we must give no encouragement to revolutions—and though there may be others who would interfere in order to re-arrange and reconstruct the Government of Italy—that although both these courses may be defended, the course of touching and then leaving it—of bringing the question forward with emphasis, and then abandoning it with levity, is one that cannot be pursued either with honour or safety." These are weighty sentiments, gravely uttered; and their authority is certainly not impaired by the fact that they proceed from the Minister who, in 1848, despatched Lord MINTO on his unfortunate mission to Italy. Lord JOHN RUSSELL appears, on this question at least, to have learned wisdom by experience, and he has lived to teach the lesson to his former Foreign Secretary.

#### RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS IN THE NURSERY.

IN these days, theological controversy, as between Protestants and Roman Catholics, has a peculiar mode of fighting which recurs periodically. Each side appeals to passion and prejudice for the mere sake of making controversial capital. The accredited line is, for the Roman Catholic authorities to court and invite martyrdom, and for the Protestants to play into their hands, for the sake of a clap-trap display. The great affair of the Papal Aggression, the libel case in which Cardinal WISEMAN was defendant, Mr. CONOLLY's suit for restitution of conjugal rights, and now the case of ALICIA RACE, all illustrate a uniform method of polemical tactics. The law is appealed to for the mere end of publicity, and for no worthier purpose than to enlist ignorant prejudice, and to inflame bigotry on either side. Which party is most to blame, it would be hard to decide. Theological partisans are always in the background to stimulate litigants, not so much for the sake of any great social or domestic interest at stake—not caring how much of social and domestic morality may be sacrificed in the strife—but simply to bring out theological bitterness and strife. In the RACE case, we award, with impartial contempt, the palm of sectarian folly and wickedness to the backers both of the mother and the child. To divide a family, to stir up unnatural strife between parent and child, to interfere with the peaceable working of the ordinary human relations, was a price which both parties were eager to pay, provided they could get up a good controversial feud. To take the girl away from the Hampstead School, on the one hand, and on the other to resist the mother's demand for the custody of her daughter, is alike wicked. Mrs. RACE, unless she had been put up to it, would never have thought of depriving her child of a good education; nor, unless she had been well primed and loaded by her school friends, would the poor little infant have fired off that blunderbuss of Protestant zeal which has lately edified the coteries of Exeter Hall. Either side invests in a martyr. Dr.

WISEMAN sets up the mother, and appeals to parental rights. Mr. BICKERSTETH, of Hampstead, thinks he can stir up public indignation against the sin of allowing a Protestant lamb to be snapped up by the fangs of the Romish wolf, and appeals to Protestant sympathies, and the sacred right of a child of ten years old to choose its own religion and to abandon its natural protector. The Pharisees of old compassed sea and land to make one proselyte; and a little pauper is deemed a Helen sufficiently worthy for the hosts of religious Greeks and Trojans to set themselves in battle array. All sorts of dignified persons think it not beneath them to become parties, at least in the background, to the strife. The authorities of the Roman Church, the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, the LORD CHANCELLOR, the Anglican Vicar, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and the Court of Chancery, contribute each in turn, their scrap to this unseemly wrangle. Had the parties been left to themselves, the public would have lost its sport, but public morality and the decencies of humanity would have been spared the melancholy and humiliating spectacle of an attempt to make a court of justice the battle-field, and the sanctity of the parental tie the prize, of angry and disputing creeds.

The case is really in itself a very manageable one, and, had it been left alone, it would have settled itself. Serjeant RACE, of the Marines, was, it seems, a very excellent person—a Protestant married to an equally respectable person, a Romanist. As is generally the case when spiritual advisers do not interfere, they got on very well. Neither father nor mother thought very harshly of the distinctions between the two communions. The father went to church, the mother went to mass—the children were baptized in the Church of England with the mother's assent, but, with the father's full consent, were taught the ordinary Roman Catholic prayers. The father, on the very eve of his death, committed to the mother with implicit confidence, and in affecting terms, the care of his children, without the slightest reservation in favour of any specific Protestant education. On the father's death, the mother very reasonably sent the children to a Protestant school, under the authority of the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. And, had not interested parties interfered, all would, as we have said, have gone on well. The mother, though a Romanist, acted on her avowed sentiments, that "there were good people, both among Protestants and Roman Catholics."

But this very reasonable settlement did not suit the authorities of Golden-square. They instilled doubts—they offered an opposition charity-school—and all this not so much from any zeal for the child's soul as in the hope that, if the school authorities at Hampstead made any demur to give up the child, they could get up a grievance. Into this very transparent plot the Hampstead Committee fell with joyful eagerness, and with a full determination to get up a counter-grievance. They declined to restore the child—and so the Roman object was gained, and the Protestant object was gained. Each had, in the vulgar phrase, established a controversial "raw." The case was quite beautiful. The Romanists had the law of England to appeal to, which was as plain and settled as common sense, natural piety, and unbroken prescription could make it. But their opponents had Exeter Hall and all its insolence and ignorance to back them. The law was invoked under its most solemn sanctions. The venerable writ of Habeas Corpus was sued out; and the Protestant School Committee was charged with interfering in the most sacred relation of life, and with sowing hatred between parent and child. This appeal was of course successful; and, under Lord CAMPBELL's authority, the girl was restored to her mother. We cannot sufficiently condemn the folly which permitted the school authorities to give Mrs. RACE's advisers this triumph. In the brother's case, when the very same game was played, the boy was at once given up. Had this course been adopted with the girl, Mrs. RACE's Roman friends would have lost their grievance, and would have had only the commonplace satisfaction of keeping one orphan more. WILLIAM THE THIRD, in speaking of DODWELL the Nonjuror, said—"He is resolved to be a martyr: I am equally resolved to disappoint him." The Hampstead School Committee was resolved to gratify their opponents' itch for controversy, and had the satisfaction, after the rebuff at Westminster, of opening another campaign in Lincoln's Inn.

We have said that Mrs. RACE has been made a tool of. The facts prove it. Her Romanism was languid enough to permit her children to receive Anglican baptism. She was not sufficiently sensitive of the spiritual dangers of her child to place her, as she might have done at first on

her husband's death, at a Roman school; and she even went the length of saying that "it went to her heart to remove the child from Hampstead." The proceeding was not, we believe, the act of the mother. She was prompted and instigated. But other and more influential motives than the child's welfare were at work on the opposite side. The Protestant bigotry was quite equal to the Romanist bigotry. Can anybody believe that the child was not tampered with, or that its indignant appeals "against disobeying JESUS," and "I will not bow down nor pray to the Virgin MARY or other images, instead of praying to JESUS," were not the promptings of older heads? Is this the language of any child—above all, of a child who had been taught to pray, and who actually had prayed every day of its father's life, to the Virgin MARY? Disgusted as we are with those who dealt with the mother, our indignation rises higher with those who dealt with the daughter. Of course we can understand, from disagreeable experience, the delight which thrilled through a Protestant audience as Mr. O'MALLEY, with all the reckless violence of a religious partisan, quoted, as directly applicable to his demand to part a mother from her child, the sacred text, "Suffer the little children," &c.; and we are not much surprised at the satisfaction with which it is recorded that the child, after its Hampstead education, "expressed considerable reluctance" to return to its mother's arms. But the subsequent proceedings are still more painful and ominous. It is now attempted to reverse Lord CAMPBELL's decision, by making the infant a ward in Chancery; and a suspending order, pending the Court's decision, has been made by Vice-Chancellor KINDERSLEY, inhibiting the mother from taking the child to Roman Catholic services. Before this order was issued, the VICE-CHANCELLOR thought fit "to see the child to learn her own views;" and he undertook that, "if she did not wish to go to the Roman Catholic church, she should not do so; and if she did not wish to say Roman Catholic prayers, the mother was to be prohibited from speaking to or communicating with the child, or suffering others to do so, on religious subjects, and from suggesting any particular prayer or prayers to her." After this examination, an order to this effect, and, as it seems, in these terms, was actually made, and is now acted upon. Lord CAMPBELL, be it remarked, protested in the Queen's Bench "against the extreme inconvenience which would arise from the proposed examination of the child." We take the liberty of adding our protest against the extreme profanity and indecency of such an examination as that which is represented as having taken place before the VICE-CHANCELLOR. To the Protestant friends of ALICIA RACE this does not suggest itself. They conclude that the choice of a religion is a matter which can be safely left to the decision of an infant of ten years old. They think so lightly of those tremendous controversies which for centuries have exhausted the highest faculties of the European mind, that they are not ashamed to submit them to the judgment of an uneducated child. But will the matter stop here? If this poor child is withdrawn, even for a week, from her natural legal guardian, in deference to her pious scruples, and because, as her fervent advocate urges, "religious truth might lay hold of the conscience of such a child as powerfully as that of an older person"—if we are to defer to "the religious convictions" of this infant—if it is ruled by the High Court of Chancery that ten years is the age of discretion at which our children may "choose their religion"—if "the will of the child" is to be the ground for appointing a guardian during the parent's life—if it is decided "that the mother is an improper guardian," because she acknowledges her intention to bring up her infant in her own religion contrary to that infant's wish—then society in England is pretty nearly at an end. None of us are safe. If this child's convictions against Romanism are to be attended to, some other child's choice of Romanism will be equally imperative. The family bond is extinct; and natural piety is deprived of its most fundamental sanctions. The fifth commandment and the example of Him who was "subject to His parents" are to go for nought. Our very nurseries will be infected with angry swarms of controversialists. Bribes suitable to the capacities of young ladies and gentlemen in search of a religion will of course not be wanting. Protestant hardbake and Mariolatrous brandy-balls will be administered with amiable solicitude to secure "the religious convictions" of lisping converts, while the right and duty of private judgment will be sweetened by sugar-sticks, or the articles of Pope PIUS' creed will be administered in a course of proselyting gingerbread.

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## THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

ALTHOUGH the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER still persists in his reserve, the indications of an intention to reduce the Income Tax to a peace standard are sufficiently plain. It is true that the debate on the Address elicited nothing but vague generalities from the occupants of the Treasury benches; but after all that had been previously said out of doors, the silence of the Government leaves very little doubt as to the fate of the war ninetence. To say nothing of the earlier hints from Admiral BERKELEY and Lord PANMURE, Mr. F. PEEL's speech upon the subject at Bury could scarcely have been delivered by that highly-trained official without due authority; and when he tells us that Ministers have fortunately anticipated the general desire for a reduction of the war-impost, we may fairly presume that they have at least resolved to submit to this portion of the popular demand. Mr. PEEL could not be otherwise than didactic; but though his acknowledgment of the patience with which the war-tax has been endured, and his admission of the justice of the claim for its reduction, are too much like the commendations bestowed by a pedagogue on his best-behaved boys, he did show something like a fair appreciation of the feelings of the non-official portion of mankind, which we cannot remember to have ever met with before in any of the varied effusions of the honourable and instructive member. It has not, perhaps, often fallen to his lot to announce a concession to the popular wishes—such plums are generally reserved for the superior candidates for public favour. However, on this occasion, he performed a very easy and genial task in a not very laboured and ungenial manner.

It would have been as well if the semi-official announcement at Bury had been confined to the question of the reduction of the Income Tax, without touching on the dangerous ground of its reconstruction. It is almost impossible for any one to speak upon this topic without exciting hopes which can end only in bitterness and disappointment. Certainly no good can come of an address from an orator who, like Mr. PEEL, acknowledges that he has no positive and decided opinion on the subject, except that it presents a very difficult problem which some distinguished authorities have found it a troublesome matter to solve. This is the sole substratum of fact on which he attempted to found a certain amount of argument, which can have no other result than to give the appearance, at least, of a cheap victory to the wildest financial enthusiasts. If it were only Mr. PEEL who had pursued this course, it might not matter very much; but the Bury oration is, in fact, a development of the hints which had previously fallen from Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS. No member of the Government has yet had the courage fairly to meet the fallacies which have sprung up like mushrooms in Liverpool and other places. Instead of taking their stand upon sound principles, Ministers—who ought, at least on administrative questions, to be the leaders of public opinion—are content with half-admitting conclusions which they want the courage or the ability to refute. We have the highest financial functionary of the country talking about the distinction between permanent and precarious incomes, as if it might possibly be a solid ground for a difference in taxation, and actually proposing, not indeed without some irony, to consider any detailed plan for working out the idea. While the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thus coquets with the delusions of the Liverpool Reformers, there is little chance of quashing the agitation.

Mr. PEEL floundered into a still more awkward admission. In order to prove any change in the mode of assessment impracticable, he was content to give up the question of justice altogether. His argument was all that the keenest of his opponents could desire; for while it maintained a secondary point, it abandoned the key of the whole position. "It is clear," he said, "that precarious incomes are derived, part from capital, and part from skill. Capital of every kind should be charged at the same rate; but, unquestionably, a ground exists why a lower rate should be charged upon that portion of a man's income which is derived from personal skill and intelligence." He then came to the conclusion that, as capital and skill cannot be separated in a practical estimate, people must be content to have them measured by the same rule—subject only to the accidental compensation afforded by the different degrees of strictness with which the tax is enforced against different classes. It will be a hopeless task for any Minister to contend for sound principles of taxation, while the cause is damaged by such advocacy as this. It may not be easy to quiet people

who are crying out against a burden so distasteful as the Income Tax; but it never can be done in any other way than by distinctly repudiating the flimsy fallacies prevalent on the subject. Of these, two of the most mischievous have been now encouraged or sanctioned on the part of the Administration—one, that the rate of taxation ought to depend on the duration of an income—the other, that the manner in which an income is acquired should be an element in fixing the tax to be assessed in respect of it. Both of these errors ought to have been long since exploded. It is matter of demonstration that the duration of an income has nothing whatever to do with the rate of taxation. By adhering to the rule of equal assessment, the owners of the long income and of the short one are made to pay in exact proportion to what they receive. Attempts have sometimes been made to controvert this proposition, by putting the extreme case of an income for one year only; but the rule holds good in every instance alike. Whether the income of the year is the fruit of a perpetuity, the profit of a trade, or the single result of a lucky hit, the recipient is, for that particular year, equally able, and therefore equally bound, to pay the tax. Ability to pay, as measured by the acquisitions of the year, is the only true basis of taxation; and the same impost ought therefore to be levied on all incomes, whether permanent, precarious, or altogether casual. This is so essential a point that we cannot, without regret, see even the appearance of an abandonment of it on the part of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose position demands a clear perception of the principles which he is called on to enforce.

Mr. PEEL's blunder is not less fatal than the admissions of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. There is no pretence for the assertion that an income obtained by skill or industry ought to be taxed less than one drawn from an investment. People who talk of the dignity of labour may, with some show of reason, attribute greater merit to the worker than to the drone; but the question is not one of merit, but of ability. One thousand pounds which a man has toiled for will buy as much as the same sum when got without an effort. A Chancellor of the Exchequer has no right to look beyond the amount of the acquisition. No matter how it may have been obtained, the same income can bear, and ought to bear, the same tax. Sentimental distinctions of every kind are inadmissible, and the question is, not how much effort the year's income has cost to gain, but how much, in money or other value, it may amount to. It may be the rental of a fee simple estate, it may be the reward of professional skill, or it may be the result of a fortunate speculation—still, in every case, if the amount is the same, so should the tax be. The only sound rule is, to reject all consideration of the source of an income, and to regard the amount alone; and on this ground we must emphatically protest against Mr. PEEL's dictum, that the fruits of skill and intelligence ought to be more leniently dealt with than the interest of capital.

The two fundamental rules we have stated are enough to clear away the cloud of doubt and difficulty which has gathered round the Income-tax question. To levy a proportionate impost on each man's income for the year, whether casual or permanent, whether gained by labour or derived from capital or any other source, is the only rule of practice which is at once sound in principle and easy in application. These doctrines are too obvious to need any elaborate demonstration, and we are satisfied that no Minister will deal effectually with the present cry, who does not clearly see and boldly proclaim the primary truths which ought to be familiar to the merest tyro in finance. We are scarcely able to judge, from what passed on Tuesday night, how far the different sections of the House which are represented on the Opposition benches have a clearer appreciation of the true position of this question than the party from which the initiative of practical measures must proceed. But the debate on Mr. DISRAELI's resolutions will shortly elucidate this point more fully; and we shall therefore reserve our comments on the views of the Opposition until we have heard the more explicit declarations which the promised discussion cannot fail to elicit.

## PERSIA IN PARLIAMENT.

IT was amusing to hear honourable members protesting, the other night, that Ministers ought to have called them together in the autumn to discuss the propriety of the Persian war. A little *ex post facto* patriotism of this kind

costs nothing. When the time has passed for making a sacrifice, it is easy to vaunt the self-devotion which you cannot be called upon to prove. When a friend has struggled out of his difficulties, and the time for helping him is gone, it is cheap generosity to ask him why he did not come to you for assistance. Her MAJESTY's faithful Lords and Commons have had their holiday—have enjoyed their recess. And now that they have returned to their duty, and again taken up their abode in the metropolis, they doubtless imagine that they would have flown, at the bidding of the Minister, from the remote places in which they have been beguiling their autumnal leisure—from the German bath or the Highland moor, from the Southern sea or the Northern capital—to contend with painters and masons for the occupation of their desolated clubs, or with upholsterers and charwomen for the possession of their denuded drawing-rooms. The delusion is so charming that it would be unmerciful to disturb it.

It is as well, however, for the country, that their patriotism was not put to the proof. Even if their excuses had not been as various as those in the parable—if one had not married a wife, and another bought a yacht—and if the Lord of the Parliamentary feast had met his invited guests, it may be questioned whether their acceptance would not have been worse than their refusal of the invitation. Without the assistance of Parliament, or of "Our own Correspondent," a war which, so far as Herat is concerned, could not have been avoided with safety to our Indian Empire, has been thus far carried on with almost unexampled success; and we do not perceive that any benefit would have arisen from the ventilation of all our designs for the information of the enemy, or from embarrassing the responsible advisers of the Crown by questionings and cavillings which would have rendered diplomacy of any kind difficult, and successful diplomacy impossible. If, as we hope, the war is likely to be brought to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, we are not altogether certain that this result may not be attributed to the fact that neither Parliament nor the Press has known anything about the matter until our difficulties were in a fair way towards adjustment.

But what is the prospect of this adjustment? It was stated on Tuesday evening, by Lord CLARENDON in the one House, and by Lord PALMERSTON in the other, that Ministers had intended to lay before Parliament, on its reassembling, papers relating to the war, but that negotiations had commenced at Paris between Lord COWLEY and FEROUKH KHAN, and that these negotiations would, it was hoped, have a satisfactory termination. In the meanwhile, we hear, upon less reliable authority, that, at the date of the latest accounts from the East, negotiations were going on in the Gulf, and that the modified demands of the British Government were likely to be accepted. It certainly appears to us that it is rather from negotiations on the Persian coast than from diplomacy at the French capital, that we may reasonably hope to secure the speedy conclusion of the war. In the interval between the completion of a satisfactory arrangement at Paris, and the communication of the views of the British Government to our commander in the Persian Gulf, events might occur which would render such an arrangement difficult, if not impossible; for we might have gone too far to withdraw without leaving behind us complications and embarrassments of an obstinate, perhaps a lasting, character. At the point to which hostilities had proceeded at the date of our last advices from the East, the progress of the war might have been satisfactorily arrested; but this may not be so easy after the next move, and if negotiations are not commenced on the spot, there must be some next move within the two months following the fall of Bushire. Our hope is, that the commander of the expedition may not have been under the necessity of striking another blow; but his arm can scarcely be arrested now by instructions from the British Government arising out of the negotiations between Lord COWLEY and FEROUKH KHAN.

That Persia will accede to the modified demands of Great Britain, supported as they are, morally if not officially, by France and Russia, there is no reason to doubt. Personal questions, however, are always the most difficult to settle; yet, as it does not appear to us that our national honour will in any way be affected by our sinking the personalities by which this case has been very superfluously complicated, we hope that our Government is not resolutely bent on humbling the SUDDR AZIM and exalting Mr. MURRAY at Teheran, or on establishing MEERZA HASHEM at Shiraz. Should these difficulties be re-

moved, it is understood that all the other demands of Great Britain will be complied with, and that Herat—the great bone of contention—will forthwith be evacuated by the Persians. The preliminaries of peace once settled, we hope that the restoration of our amicable relations with Persia will be inaugurated in a becoming manner, and that English diplomacy will henceforth cut a better figure at Teheran than it has been permitted to do during the last quarter of a century. We must retain, too, in our hands the means of enforcing both the faithful observance of treaty-obligations and the respectful treatment of our Embassy. It will not do, in these days, to talk, as did Lord GREY and others on Tuesday night, about abstaining from entering into engagements with barbarous States like Persia. Our true policy consists in treating Persia—as we treat Turkey—not as a barbarous State. The more we can elevate her in the scale of nations, the better for our interests; and we are deeply concerned both in securing her friendship and favouring the development of her power. For many years past there has been a tendency to shelve the "Persian question," as one of little concern to us as a European Power; and it is out of this neglect that our present embarrassments have arisen. Every year the importance of this subject has increased, and every year it is likely to increase; and if the present crisis in our relations with the Court of Teheran should have the effect of opening the eyes of our statesmen to a right appreciation of the real dimensions of the question, we shall obtain at least some compensation for the embarrassment and the expense of the present war.

We have one more remark to make in connexion with the debates of Tuesday night. Many strange things were said, but nothing more strange than the question put by one of the ablest and most accomplished members of the House of Commons, whether the war with Persia had been made by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, or by Her Majesty's Government. We fear we may regard the amount of knowledge displayed in this inquiry as a very fair indication of the general capacity of members of Parliament to discuss Eastern questions in general, and this Persian question in particular. If so attentive an observer as Mr. GLADSTONE has failed to see, in the Proclamation issued by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL of India, an explicit declaration that the expedition to the Persian Gulf had been despatched under instructions from her Majesty's Government—and if a man of his extensive knowledge and acquirements is so imperfectly informed of the constitution of the Indian Government as to believe that the Court of Directors has the power to make war on Persia—we certainly cannot hope that the average intelligence of the House of Commons will be equal to the demands of such a subject.

#### ASSOCIATED ROBBERY.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN—so he informs us in his recent and most tedious work, *Signs of the Times*—took back with him from England to "his German fatherland" two facts which probably were as valuable as any other luggage which this ill-starred diplomatist collected during his fourteen years' interference in our political and religious concerns. With one of these facts we are not at present much concerned, especially as it is perhaps no fact at all; but the other is weighty and significant enough. We allude to what, in Teutonic speech, is styled "the spontaneous and powerful development of the spirit of association"—as instanced in the East India Company, British "Congregationalism," the religious societies, canal and railway companies, &c. M. BUNSEN is most concerned with the religious aspect of this spirit of association; but, while profoundly impressed with the fact, he seems to be altogether at sea about its future consequences. Side by side with the spirit of religious association he sees that of a despotic hierarchy. As liberty grows, so does autocracy. Free Protestantism is confronted by ultramontanizing Romanism, and how these two can flourish together puzzles M. BUNSEN. We cannot do much to assist his perplexity; but since he wrote, in the summer of 1855, the spirit of association has received some significant illustrations in its application to our social morality. We have lived to see Tipperary Banks, and Crédit Mobiliers, and Russian railways, and Royal British Banks, and SADLEIRS, and ROBSONS, and REDPATHS, and AGARS, and SAWARDS. The social results of association are certainly for evil as well as for good—we must make up our minds for the influence of the imperial principle of joint-stockery in all our relations, domestic as well as economic. It tells on crime as well as on commerce.



It works on private morals no less than on public credit. If it expands the one, we suspect that it saps the other; for its tendency is, if not to destroy, at least to weaken, the sense of personal responsibility. As a Corporation is said to have no conscience, so people are beginning to think that they owe no duties to a Company. It is remarkable that the common feature of all the great social crimes of the Great Year of Robbery, 1856, is their connexion, in every instance, with a Company or Corporation. There is, of course, a retribution in this. If it is established that a Railway Company has no bowels of compassion, no personal duties, no feelings, no moral character, then society will begin to treat it as the mere machine which it professes to be. A Company is not to subscribe to charities, not to pension its clerks, not to discharge any relative duties of mercy and good-will to man. It is a moral, or immoral, noun of multitude—not a responsible agent. Its function is to spend as little, and to hoard as much as possible. Its attitude is that of ISHMAEL towards society. It will not give compensation without an action—it is only to be hounded into human duties by terrorism and threats. It is always claiming its pound of flesh, and appealing to its bond. Its aspect is hard, repulsive, defiant, and unsympathizing.

Now we do not say that all this justifies crimes against companies; but to some extent it accounts for them. Mr. REDPATH probably felt that he was not robbing his neighbour BROWN or JONES, but was simply swindling an abstraction incapable of wrong. He did not feel the personality of the Great Northern Company. The thing was vague, impersonal, and impalpable. Very likely he would never have forged Mr. DENISON's name, nor made free with a shilling of Mr. MOWATT's. Mr. JOHN PAUL, who was convicted on Thursday, is a thief on a large scale; but it is at the expense of the associated ratepayers of the great City of London Union. There is not the slightest evidence for believing that, as between man and man, either SADLEIR, or ROBSON, or REDPATH, or this Mr. PAUL, was ever deliberately guilty of fraud. It is of course possible that, under other circumstances, they would, being what they were, have embezzled the funds of a private employer; but it cannot be said that they actually did. The association principle, the corporate notion, helped, and most likely suggested, their crime. Had there been no Company, there would perhaps have been no REDPATH. It is only the worst of men who will rob his familiar friend. A man meditating a crime against a daily companion sees an individual whom he is about to wrong—vague but salutary visions of his victim's wife and children flit before him. These are but trifles, and feeble restraints enough, but they tell. Possible forgers and conceivable robbers are, after all, men. Something of common humanity belongs even to a SADLEIR or a REDPATH. The latter, as we have said before, really practised all sorts of social virtues; and his example proves that a man will rob a company who would not rob his friend. ROBSON would probably have resisted the temptation to put his hand into his master's till, had his employer been a shopkeeper; but who or what is the Crystal Palace Company? It has no feelings to rack, and no family to starve. So with the M.P.'s of the British Bank directory. If they had been at the trouble of thinking, they would perhaps have reflected that they were bringing to beggary living flesh and blood—widows, and small clubs, and little tradesmen, in the actual personality of shareholders. But all this was at a distance—they knew not the sufferers as actual men and women. They borrowed from a corporation—they received advances from an abstraction—they were accommodated with the 70,000*l.* of a joint-stock Company.

And of course this tells both ways. If SADLEIR robs a Tipperary Bank because that institution has only a shadow, and, as they say, a subjective existence, of course a *Crédit Mobilier* plays commercial tricks which no firm or individual dare, even in thought, to venture upon. If thieves show no mercy to Companies, it may be because Companies show no mercy to society. Wrong at present avenges wrong; and the experiment has not yet been tried of a public Corporation acting under the same sense of personal responsibility as an individual tradesman. Nor, as things are, can we hope that it is likely to be. It is, we fear, more probable that the individual tradesman or merchant—and perhaps another century will exhaust the class—will fall into corporate habits, and will adopt that characteristic of the association principle which ignores all individual relations and all personal responsibility. There is too much reason for apprehending that of late years the whole tone of commercial morality has been lowered, and that the general character of trade is

deteriorating. Some recent proceedings connected with great discount houses, the forged warrants in the higher walks of business, and the adulteration frauds in the lower, occur as the most familiar instances of this relaxation of principle. It certainly accompanies, if it does not result from, the modern development of the co-operative and association principle. All that class of sentiments known as confidence and credit, without which commerce seems impossible, appear to be above or below the cultivation of a Board. Society, as hitherto understood, is a voluntary association of individuals for mutual benefit—not a Congress of armed neutralities or hostile Cantons, inspired by the creditable interests only of competition and rivalry. That Companies—especially Railway Companies—aim at realizing this character, their whole history proves. Whatever advantages—and they are many—the joint-stock principle has brought into our social system, its moral dangers can be scarcely exaggerated.

However, even here, retribution awaits the evil. The old proverb is reversed. Because good men, if such they be, unite, evil men in their turn combine. Robbery avails itself of the joint-stock principle—association lends its influences to thievery—and the eighth commandment is broken in grand style by the principle of association. Corporate ingenuity and capital are invested in highway robbery and forgery. AGAR gives his time and talents, the barrister of the Inner Temple contributes his name and education, BURGESS and PIERCE fling in their characters and confidential duties, and the result is that one Company is robbed by another to the tune of 12,000*l.* The speciality of the bullion affair is not the amount of the "swag," which is a mere accident of the case, but the presence and influence of the association principle. Crime, when pursued as a business, especially as a joint-stock investment, gets to be looked at as a matter in which personal responsibility ceases; and the deepest lesson which the great robberies of 1856 teach English society is, that the price which we pay for our commercial and associated triumphs may be no less than the extinction, or at least the decay, of the general sense of individual conscience and duty.

#### THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON LORD RAGLAN.

THE *Quarterly Review* has the honour of being the first to tell the true history of Lord Raglan. Substantially, it says only what has often been said in our own columns, that Lord Raglan was a noble-minded, courageous soldier—a general not only of wide experience, but of eminent skill—a wise politician, an adroit manager of men, the support and guide of the allied armies, and the teacher, counsellor, and true friend of the French. But the *Quarterly Review* says all this fully and at length, and traces Lord Raglan's career from his first entrance into the army to his death. It is a spirited, effective biography, and in all its leading points unimpeachable. But there are parts in it we could have wished away. It displays a disposition to strain minute points, a desire to use Lord Raglan's name as a screen for political friends of the writer, and a narrow hatred of every Government that is not of the *Quarterly Review* shade in politics. There is much in the article that might call for an answer, but we have no wish to enter on matters of controversy. We shall confine our attention to two points, about which no one can hesitate who impartially approaches the undeniable facts of Lord Raglan's history. The first is, that Lord Raglan did everything that man could do to ensure the success of the Crimean expedition, and that the more his conduct in command is examined, the nobler are the qualities of head and heart it revealed. The second is, that so long as the French and English armies were of an equal, or nearly equal magnitude, Lord Raglan was the virtual leader of the whole expedition—not because he had a selfish wish for power, but simply because he was the boldest, the most persevering, and the most experienced commander. After a certain period of the campaign, the contest became one in which the numbers of the respective troops were everything; and then England, not having men, contributed ships and money. But, as the numbers were the most obvious cause and condition of success, thenceforward the greater share of glory fell to those whose portion of the army was the most numerous.

We cannot here follow the biography of Lord Raglan sufficiently at length to show that the qualities which he displayed in the Crimea were but those which he had displayed from his earliest years. The firmness, the unostentatious love of duty, the tenderness for suffering of every kind, the utter disregard of his own comfort, or popularity, or importance in comparison with the due discharge of the task assigned him, that were visible every day and every hour of his Crimean campaign, had been anticipated by a thousand acts of unselfish heroism in his previous career. We wish that we could have the satisfaction of dwelling on a life which is as bright an example to the civilian as to the soldier. But this cannot be; and we will therefore only notice two charges brought against Lord

Raglan while commander-in-chief—charges most satisfactorily refuted in the *Quarterly Review*, and shown to be not exaggerations, but absolute falsehoods. Lord Raglan was said to be physically broken down, and he was said to have neglected all personal inspection of the English soldiers during their disastrous winter campaign. It will be observed that these charges impeach—the one the honesty of Lord Raglan (for to have assumed the command would have been an act of dishonesty in a man who felt himself bodily incapable), and the other his kindness of heart. Now, Lord Raglan's character had two prominent traits—love of truth and tenderness. Such accusations are like accusing Nelson of cowardice or Wellington of imprudence. Let our readers call to mind the distinctness with which Mr. Russell, in the columns of the *Times*, asserted that Lord Raglan paid no attention to his troops—and they will, we think, feel the wickedness of giving vent to hasty calumny when they read the following extract from the *Quarterly*, which we wish we could see framed and glazed in the house of every one who ever gave ear to the slander:—

Lord Raglan was accused of being ignorant of the condition of the army. He replied that one aide-de-camp alone, who kept a journal, and who generally but not *always* attended him, had accompanied him in forty rides through the camp during the preceding two months. In a letter of which the testimony is above all suspicion, because it was penned before the accusations against him had appeared, an officer relates that Lord Raglan constantly made a nocturnal expedition through the whole of their protracted lines, starting at half-past nine, and returning to head-quarters at one or later. "Some people," he added, "think he might be as well in bed, but the personal encouragement is a great point." Another correspondent, whose letter was dated after the attacks had commenced in England, but before they were known in the Crimea, mentions that these inspections were of five or six hours' duration, and that, though the cold was intolerable, he talked to everybody, from officers down to privates. The worse the weather grew, the more frequent his visits became. He rarely missed a day, and never, except compelled by the pressure of imperative duties. One of his aides-de-camp, whose youthful constitution was not proof against the hardships which spent their force in vain upon the iron frame of his chief, was compelled to give up riding with him during the bitterest season, because he pulled up to speak to nearly every soldier he met. Nor did he stop with endeavouring to animate the men who were in face of the enemy. Those who could render him no further help were just as much the objects of his care. "When any casualty occurs in the trenches," an officer wrote again, "he visits the wounded in the different hospitals, inquires into every man's case, and gives a word of advice and comfort to each." There were persons in the army who, observing the labour imposed upon him by these rounds, thought that he might at least have devolved upon his subalterns the duty of cheering the disabled men, for his exertions were greater than those of any officer in the camp, and though he kept his health, it seemed a miracle to the persons about him, and quite impossible to last. He rose at six, wrote by candle-light till breakfast, was never a moment idle till his dinner-hour at eight. So occupied was every instant, that he stated, when defending himself, that he had not once found leisure to continue his ride to the Monastery—the only spot which was worth visiting for pleasure. His dinner despatched, he again, if he did not mount on horseback, resumed his writing till past midnight. Rarely, indeed, did he lie down before one o'clock in the morning, and it was often much later. In bed he pondered on the distresses of the troops, and would continue calling out through an open door to a member of the staff who lay near him, the palliatives which occurred to his mind, till nature, which never seemed exhausted in him, was spent in his companion, and he dropped asleep from fatigue. For those who did not know what a prodigy of endurance, industry, and benevolence Lord Raglan was, and who may therefore be tempted to imagine the description overcoloured, we transcribe a passage from a letter written in social confidence three days after the battle of Inkermann, when no one suspected that there would ever arise a whisper of censure, or the need for a syllable of defence:—"It is wonderful to see how calm, how cool, Lord Raglan is in the most tremendous danger and anxiety—thinking of everything and everybody. It is a marvel to us all. Yet there is one person he never thinks of, and that is himself. But it has always been so with him."

Second only to the importance of doing justice to the nobleness of Lord Raglan's personal character, is that of rightly estimating the position he held with regard to the French army. The time has come when the truth should be told; and as M. de Bazancourt has told something very far apart from the truth, we need have no false delicacy about the susceptibilities of the French. When we make a claim, it is expedient to make it in precise terms; and the claim we make is, that to Lord Raglan were owing the persistence in the Crimean expedition, when the French were wavering—the safe landing and the flank march—and that the failure of the 17th October, which, by preventing the assault being made at once, was the cause of there being a winter campaign at all, was entirely owing to the French. So long as an equal number of English and French had to perform a definite task, Lord Raglan was the real stay, support, and guide of the whole army. But the failure of the 17th October entirely altered the nature of the operations. The whole struggle was thenceforth one of men and money—all turned on the question which of the two contending parties, Russia or the Allies, could pour the greatest number of men into the Crimea, and keep them there longest. France, aided by English money and ships, won in the contest; and while this peculiar struggle was going on, the French naturally took the lead among the Allies. This, however, is quite another matter. All that we wish to see recognised is, that while the operations were those of ordinary warfare, and the French and English armies equal in number, Lord Raglan was far the first, the ablest, and the wisest leader among the Allies.

We presume that no one now feels any doubt that the French and English Governments were throughout determined on the expedition—that Lord Raglan, having once pledged himself to obey the instructions of his Government, persevered under every difficulty and discouragement—and that St. Arnaud wavered and hesitated. The expedition resolved on, the first step was to

select a place of landing; and with reference to this selection, what happened was as follows:—

Marshal St. Arnaud desired a conference on board the "Ville de Paris;" and as Lord Raglan could not ascend the vessel at sea with his left hand—a manoeuvre, however, which, difficult as it was, he would under favourable circumstances insist on performing—Admiral Dundas went alone. The Marshal, speechless with the agony of his mortal disease, pointed feebly to an unsigned paper, which represented that the season was too far advanced for the siege, that it would be dangerous to disembark at the northern side of Sebastopol, where they were doubtless expected, and that it would be more expedient to proceed to Theodosia, some seventy miles to the south, and lie by for the winter. Lord Raglan refused to entertain the proposition; but while at Varna he had ascertained that a considerable force was stationed on the banks of the Katcha, the place of landing agreed on, and he resolved several days before starting that on reaching the Crimea he would invite St. Arnaud to consider whether they should not direct their course to Eupatoria, and endeavour to gain the shore at this point, which he rightly suspected would be unguarded by the enemy. He now reconnoitred the coast, and to his influence on his return in persuading the French Marshal to keep clear of the Katcha, General Canrobert ascribed the signal success of the disembarkation. Not a man was lost.

After the landing had been effected, the Russians defeated in the field, and the Allies stationed on the south side, Lord Raglan determined to postpone the assault until the batteries of Sebastopol were silenced. He had every reason to suppose they would be silenced by a vigorous cannonade; and, in fact, the batteries opposed to the English were silenced, but unfortunately the French attack had a very different success. It is an old story, but it is one of which it is in every way important that the true version should be fixed in the memory of all. The *Quarterly* thus describes the occurrences of that critical day—the day which made success tardy, as the day of the Alma had made success possible:—

The English broke ground on the night of the 7th of October, the French on the night of the 9th. On the morning of the 17th the fire opened, and it was intended that it should be followed by a general assault. The English batteries made a great impression on the Russian works, and suffered little in return. Lord Raglan was prepared to fall upon the place, and sent to invite the simultaneous advance of the French. The day had gone less prosperously with them. The parapets of their trenches had not been made of sufficient solidity; their guns were not of the proper calibre. The explosion in the morning of their principal magazine had gone far to paralyse their efforts; and, instead of reducing the fire of the enemy, and ruining their defences, it was their own which were overcome. The assault was postponed in consequence; and though another day was subsequently fixed for the operation, Lord Raglan perceived that the grand opportunity had been lost, and he made up his mind to the possibility of a severe and protracted contest.

The writer in the *Quarterly* asserts that, after the battle of the Alma was over, the English infantry had suffered too much to engage in the pursuit, but that Lord Raglan endeavoured, though in vain, to prevail on Marshal St. Arnaud to unite our cavalry and a part of our artillery with the large portion of his troops which had not been in action, and follow upon the heels of the flying enemy. It is also stated in the *Quarterly* that, on the morrow of the battle of Inkermann, Lord Raglan surmised that the return of the shattered regiments of the Russians would spread a panic among the garrison. To complete it, he proposed that a fire should be opened from the whole line of our trenches, and that the assault—which, previously to the action, had been fixed for the 7th of November—should take place while the alarm of the enemy was at its height. Timidity of tactics was, however, the fatal defect of the French commander, and he insisted that the Allies must await reinforcements, and remain, in the interim, on the defensive. We have not the slightest ground for doubting the truth of these statements, and we think that, if true, they should be known, as they certainly tend to raise the reputation of Lord Raglan, and present an amazing contrast to the general tone of M. de Bazancourt's narrative. Much of the true story of the Campaign still remains to be told. The relations of Lord Raglan to his own Government cannot yet be appreciated—there were many strategical movements which cannot yet be explained—there were many differences between the allies smoothed over by mutual generosity for the sake of the alliance. But one thing is as clear as noonday—that Lord Raglan lived a noble life, and that its noblest part was the closing scene in the Crimea.

#### PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS.

ONE of the *pièces de résistance* of the present Session of Parliament is the question of secondary punishments. It has been discussed with abundant energy, and at times with very considerable special knowledge; but there is one point which seems to us to lie at the very root of the whole subject, which has been noticed—if at all—in a very inadequate manner. Throughout the controversy almost every one has turned his attention to the consideration of the means by which criminals are to be disposed of. Hang your criminals—imprison them for life—preach to them for life—educate them, reform them—set them to work in the sewers—send them to Western Australia, to Vancouver's Land, to Hudson's Bay, to the Falkland Islands—in short, deal with them in some way or other—such are the suggestions which public terror has evoked somewhat superabundantly for the last few months. Whether any, or which, of these proposals is the right one, is a question which we shall not at present discuss; but we would suggest to the disputants, in the spirit of Mrs. Glasse, that before you can hang, transport, or imprison, you must catch your criminal. A sensible article in the *Times*, a few days ago, pointed out the fact that the class of persons for whose weal or woe the various schemes to which we have been referring have been elaborated, is a class perfectly distinct and



ascertainable. It is the class of professional criminals—men who make a living by crime, just as other men do by honest occupations—men who, if they rise to the top of their profession, become Agars or Redpaths, or, if they remain in the ranks, derive a fluctuating but abundant income from the common run of garrotte robberies and ordinary burglaries. This is the class against which the public mind is not unjustifiably excited, and for whose treatment so many specifics are offered to our notice. That a man of this class should, when he is detected, be dealt with very severely indeed, all the world is agreed; nor are we disposed to doubt that, in this instance at least, all the world is perfectly right. But we wish, for the benefit of those who engage in the discussion as to the manner of punishment, to make a suggestion as to the means which the law does, and as to those which, in our opinion, it ought to afford of detecting such criminals.

With a very few exceptions, all offences of which the law takes notice are specific and isolated. We do not accuse a man of being a thief, but of having stolen a particular article at a particular place. We do not accuse him of being a robber, but of having committed a particular robbery on a particular occasion. As a general rule, there can be no doubt that this principle is a most valuable safeguard of liberty, but it seems to us that we carry it much too far. The fact that a man gets his living by depredation is just as susceptible of proof as any other fact whatever. If it is shown with respect to any person that he is an habitual associate of thieves—that he has been convicted of theft on several occasions—that he has no stated employment or ascertainable means of subsistence—and that he is nevertheless often seen in possession of money, and known at times to spend it profusely and riotously—no human being can doubt that he is a professional criminal; and unless he can rebut that presumption by proving that he possesses the means of livelihood, it would surely be most absurd to hesitate to act upon it. There are several cases in which the law, as it now stands, punishes a man, not for an isolated act, but for pursuing an unlawful way of life. A man who keeps a disorderly house is punished, not for any particular breach of decency, but for his general behaviour. The same is true, to some extent, of the law against rogues and vagabonds, which punishes persons “wandering abroad without any visible means of subsistence, and not able to give a good account of themselves.” In the same way, a “common barrator” is one who habitually disturbs the peace; and it is held that a single act will not make a person a barrator, but that the crime consists in the repetition of several acts of the same nature. It seems to us therefore that, both in principle and in precedent, there are abundant grounds for the suggestion that an Act should be passed, making it a distinct and substantive offence to be a professional criminal, and inflicting on persons convicted of that offence whatever severe secondary punishment—whether indefinite imprisonment or transportation for life—may be considered most advisable. Rather for the sake of illustration than as putting forward a definite and well-considered plan, we will enter a little more explicitly into this suggestion. Our proposal is, that whenever a prisoner is convicted of felony after a previous conviction, it should be in the discretion of the judge trying the case, instead of passing sentence at once, to direct him to be indicted for being a professional criminal: but the charge is one of such a serious character that we should wish it to be triable at the assizes only. Upon the trial of such an indictment we would allow facts bearing upon any part of the prisoner's character and conduct to be given in evidence against him, and it would deserve mature consideration whether it would not be advisable to throw upon the prisoner the obligation of showing that he was possessed of some adequate means of subsistence.

Though such a proposal may appear in some particulars harsh, and alien to the general character of English law, we doubt whether in practice it would be found to operate unfavourably, even as against criminals. We have at present, it is true, no means of trying a man for being a professional criminal; but no assize ever takes place in which there are not plenty of cases in which people are punished for it. A conviction for a serious offence seldom occurs in which the judge does not make some inquiries about the character of the prisoner. They are generally made and answered in a somewhat perfunctory manner. The prisoner's counsel, if he has one, always considers his duty done when the verdict is returned, and the consequence is, that, after an investigation of the most elaborate and patient kind into the question whether the prisoner has or has not committed a specific and perhaps an unimportant crime, the punishment which he is to receive—nominally for the offence for which he has been tried, but really for the offence of being a professional criminal—is apportioned on the strength of a few minutes' informal conversation. In an English criminal trial, the judge, the jury, and the bar get into the habit of considering the verdict as all-important, and the punishment as quite a secondary consideration. Probably the public and the prisoner would be of the opposite way of thinking, and it seems to us that their interests are, to say the least, deserving of some consideration.

We do not, however, affect to think that the interests of the prisoner form the strongest recommendation of the proposal which we make. Its real advantage is that it tends, in some degree at least, to remove the great defect of our criminal law,

considered as a system devised for the repression of crime. We have frequently pointed out that nothing can be more confused, more irregular, and more unsatisfactory on every account, than our legal definitions of crime and apportionments of punishment. The sentences passed by the judge have no sort of tendency to classify prisoners. The latter come into the hands of their gaolers distinguished only by the different duration of punishments assigned for crimes of the most utterly dissimilar nature. The man who wounds another in a fit of passion—the murderer who has the luck to find a timid jury—the tradesman who forges an acceptance under severe distress—sometimes the deserter or the mutineer—are all placed under sentences differing slightly in duration, but not at all in kind, from those which fall upon men whose lives are one continued war against society. Any system of punishment or of reformation is sure to fail, so long as it is quite uncertain whether the people submitted to it belong or not to the class for which it was designed. All such schemes proceed on the supposition that the class to whom they are to be applied is tolerably homogeneous; but the want of careful definitions of crime in our law is so great that it becomes absolutely necessary to repose an almost unlimited discretion in the judges with respect to the punishment of crime; and the effect of that discretion is to make anything like a satisfactory classification of prisoners, either for penal or for reformatory purposes, almost impossible. Let those who write and think upon this subject ascertain what penalty is best adapted for the man who makes his living by plundering his neighbours' property—let this punishment be reserved exclusively for such persons—and we shall have made the first, and by no means an inconsiderable, step, not only to the solution of the question which at present excites so much attention, but also to the classification of crimes and punishments—than which no legal reform whatever is more urgently required.

#### HEAD OR WOMAN?

IT is an old-fashioned application of a theological statement to common life, to consider that the head of the woman is the man, and that *that* is a sufficient account of the exclusion of the female sex from many functions which would inflict upon them a half-share in the responsibilities of the world. Amongst other mistakes on which the nineteenth century has at last shed the light of truth, this, too, is, it seems, to be reckoned. The “Women's Rights Convention” (U.S.) has doomed it, and we are to see the last of it soon. Miss Lucy Stone, with others of the sisters of Washington, are bent on completing the fabric which the founder of the Republic left half finished, and of which they now discover that the “better half” remains for them to do. Finding in “the close of a Presidential election a peculiarly appropriate occasion to renew the demands of woman,” they reduce the statesmen of their country to a happy dilemma. The Republicans, “using for their most popular rallying cries a female name, are peculiarly pledged by consistency to do justice” to the sex in whose “sympathies” they traffic; whilst the Democrats “must be utterly false to their name and professed principles, or else must extend their application to both halves of the human race.” Thus, whether Mr. Buchanan ports or starboards the helm of the Constitution, he is sure to find himself going aground on the rights of woman; nor can he trim a middle course between the two parties without the rights of woman forming a line of breakers a-head. A ladies' man, then, the new President must needs be. *Quocunque aspicias nihil est nisi woman* and her rights. Miss Lucy Stone is the Mrs. Thomas Paine of the age. That shortsighted author of the “rights of man” might now, if he were alive, see the proper corollary affixed to his argument. We call the attention of the Old World to the following grievous burden of female wrongs, and bid them listen to the voice of nature and reason.

Woman is “taxed, but not represented; authorized to earn property, but not free to control it; permitted to prepare papers for scientific bodies, but not to read them; urged to form political opinions, but not allowed to vote on them.” Whilst we in this country are scratching at a flea-bite—speechifying and writing about such anise and cummin as the paltry wrongs of a few thousands of needlewomen and their fourpence-halfpenny a-day—the great Western sisterhood “keeps steadily in view the one cardinal demand for the right of suffrage” on behalf of the sex—that right which is “the symbol and guarantee of all others.” Of course, when this is gained—as in the case of the Jews among ourselves—the next step to the right to elect is the right to be elected; and Miss Stone in Congress, and Baron Rothschild in the House of Commons, may yet mark a simultaneous epoch of progress.

The ancient Romans seem to have had a glimpse of the great truth now on its way to us, when they set up a consular government. The idea of the fathers of their country, when they avenged the shade of Lucrece by the expulsion of Tarquin, was doubtless to bring back political society to its simplest form, that of the family—not one in which the head masculine should, in selfish pride, like a Cyclops, “administer Lynch-law to his wife and children,” but in which the male and female elements should be, in the literal phrase of Cicero, “moderately confused,” and the power of the sword be tempered by the distaff. And of this proper duality we have an unmistakeable type in the combined badge of the *fascies* and the *securus*. Man and wife—we repeat it—was

the pure and original conception of that remodelled polity, and nothing, we may be sure, save the grasping selfishness of the male sex, hindered its completion in fact. But all things, says an ancient poet of that nation, ever tend towards the worse; and doubtless, as the patricians were always, at a later period, eluding the plebeian claims, and foisting on Rome two consuls of their own body, instead of one of each—so, from the very first, though the word *college* be strictly of epicene gender, it was, by a collusion of the augurs, voted masculine only. But self-interested artifice strives in vain to stifle the clear voice of history. The sentiments of that mighty nation are handed down to us unmistakeably and indelibly. Who does not know the four simple and forcible words in which female tergiversation of public duty was held up to eternal censure? No age henceforth will ever forget that there was once in Rome a poor creature who, amidst the calls of her country to its councils and its wars, could still “stop at home and spin wool.” The censors were right when they carved the ignominious record over her grave.

It is time, then, that usurpation, monopoly, inequality, should cease. Whether on the score of prescription or expediency, woman must win. Not to go back to Night, the eldest of the deities, nor to quote the precedents of the Fates and the Furies—all of them ladies whose antiquity puts to shame the mushroom mythology of the Pantheon—what do we learn from the great masters of ancient song, at whose feet the world has ever since been sitting, save that woman must, shall, and will have her way? What is the moral of the *Iliad*, save to show that neither gods nor men can stand against her? Its whole plot may be summed up as the repentance of Atrides for putting force on the inclinations of a lady. Then Thetis coaxes Jupiter, Juno outwits him, while Pallas Athene fairly snaps her fingers at him. The same lady is ever at the elbow of the hero of the *Odyssey*, teaching him how to baffle the wrath of the male blusterer, Neptune. In the *Æneid*, it is Venus who comes in for her turn. Thus, great truths have lain slowly ripening in the dark for thousands of years, till the Sibyl of the West, Miss Lucy Stone, arose to illustrate them.

They are “going in,” then, for the suffrage—for nothing else, and nothing less. But let them learn wisdom from the political struggles of the Old World, and be content not to drive the wedge head foremost, nor expect to seize at once by assault the citadel of the Constitution. We counsel them to begin by supplanting the other sex in every department of physical or mental labour. They have already seized on the Faculty of Medicine, and the fame of Dr. Harriett Hunt is known wherever stars and stripes can wave. Let them to this add Law. Let Portia and Nerissa be parts enacted on a world-wide stage. Then, for theology, has not the Papacy itself been held, according to the most accredited authorities, by a woman? And do not the fair agitators already, among the drab-coloured believers of Philadelphia, address the congregation on a level with men? As for female prowess in arms, it is attested in the ballad-epic of “Billy Taylor,” and established by divers heroines of immortal memory, from Boadicea and Joan of Arc, down to the gentle squadrons of the King of Dahomey. How well a placard would look, notifying that “Sergeant Lucy Stone wants a few smart young women to join the victorious standard of General Walker!” or thus—“To milliners’ apprentices—wanted, a score or so of ‘first hands’ to complete the crew of the *Virago* steam frigate, Captain Lucy Stone.” Meanwhile, let every female prisoner refuse to plead, except a jury, at least *de medietate*, of the two sexes be empanelled. Let them form a Grand United Female Railway Association, to be stoked and engineered by women of experience, in Bloomer costume. In short, the game is in their own hands, if they please. As the Pope terrified King John by the famous interdict, so, by simply willing a temporary but universal divorce *a mensâ et thoro*—by causing to cease the demand for wedding-rings, and refusing to suckle any save female children—the ladies may “stop the supplies,” and coerce our refractory sex into submission, and at last triumphantly exchange the band-box for the ballot-box. According to Aristophanes, something of the sort was tried at Athens, and with signal success. Then will follow a grand female insurrection in the Mormon States, where the women are at least six to one to the men; and, finally, Miss Lucy Stone, from the Presidency of the “Women’s Rights Convention”—*ex rhetore consul*—may rise to that of the States, and the thunder-grasping eagle of the great Republic may turn out a hen after all.

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT the last meeting of this Society, a paper was read by Mr. John Lubbock, entitled, *An Account of the two Methods of Reproduction of Daphnia and of the Structure of the Ephippium*. In this communication the author describes the male organs and the structure of the ephippium in the genus *Daphnia*, and the double method of reproduction by agamic and ephippial eggs. The author calls the non-ephippial eggs agamic; but it is possible, though not probable, that the ephippial eggs may be agamic also. In the male *Daphnia*, there are two small papillæ above the posterior claws, but on the ventral side of the anus; and on these being compressed, two streams of minute rod-like bodies, with movements so gentle as to be scarcely visible, will be seen to issue, one from each papilla. Nothing similar has ever been observed in the female. Nor has any other sort of

spermatozoa ever been met with. These male organs have never been described before. The author then proceeds to describe the two sorts of eggs in their earlier stages, which have not yet been mentioned by any naturalist. The ephippial eggs differ from the agamic in their determinate position and number. As a general rule—that is to say, in seventeen cases out of twenty-three—the author has remarked that ephippial eggs commence and are developed up to a certain point. The development is as follows:—One of the ovarian cells, always at the posterior part of the ovary, swells a little, and becomes a germinal vesicle; round it are deposited a number of brownish granules, while the other cells which may at first have existed in the same ovarian mass cease to be visible. Re-deposition of dark granules, in thirty-seven cases out of forty, after proceeding to a certain point, ceased, and the embryo egg gradually disappeared. In the other three cases, it increased, and at length formed a dark mass on each side of the intestinal canal. In two instances the author observed the ephippial eggs pass from the ovary into the receptacle. The ephippium has been described by Strauss with considerable accuracy, but he has been more or less misunderstood by all subsequent writers on the subject, and no one has explained the homologies or connexions of the inner valve.

The ephippium itself is a locally-altered portion of the carapace—the outer valve of the ephippium being a part of the outer layer of the epidermis, and the inner valve the corresponding part of the inner layer. In consequence of this arrangement, the inner valve of the ephippium containing the ephippial eggs is not attached by the hinge to the outer valve, as has been generally stated, but actually lies at first in the receptacle formed by the new carapace. The ephippium is cast with the rest of the skin, from which, however, it soon becomes detached, and continues to form an efficient protection to the eggs until they are hatched. These eggs probably require to be fertilized, but this is not completely proved. With one exception, whenever the author observed ephippia, he could also find males, and, generally speaking, the numbers of each were in proportion to one another. Impregnation is not, however, absolutely necessary to the production of ephippia, as the author has now in his possession three ephippia formed by isolated females. It remains to be seen whether young will be developed from these or not.

The early stages of the agamic egg are very similar to those of the ephippial egg, and consist of the enlargement, in the front part of the ovary, of one of the ovarian cells, which then becomes a germinal vesicle, and the deposition round it of granules, with the addition in this case of oil globules. This process continues while the other two or three cells which may have existed in the same ovarian mass gradually disappear, and there is thus formed an egg-like mass, consisting of a germinal vesicle, minute dark granules or globules, and large oil-globules. When the growth is nearly completed, the vitelline membrane is added. This is at first very delicate, but after deposition in the receptacle soon becomes hard. The ovarian eggs of *Daphnia*, as well as those of *Cypris*, never contain round masses like those of *Aphis* and *Musca*; but after their entry into the receptacle, yolk-masses are found homologous with those present at the corresponding periods in *Phryganea*. The eggs, when laid, are about  $\frac{2}{1000}$  of an inch in diameter; they gradually become  $\frac{2}{1000}$ , when the vitelline membrane splits and falls off, and the young animal is hatched. Far, however, from resembling its parent at this time, the young *Daphnia* is a spherical bag, inside which the formation and development of the new organs is rapidly progressing. Instead, therefore, of undergoing no metamorphosis, the young *Daphnia* only assumes the well-known characters of the genus after the first changes of skin. It attains a length of  $\frac{1}{25}$  before it leaves the receptacle of the mother; but the period during which it remains therein varies according to the temperature. The author has never met with an exception to the rule noticed by preceding writers, that unisexuality is characteristic of an organic brood.

It follows from these observations that the self-fertile *Daphnia* are certainly true females, and that the reproductive bodies more nearly resemble eggs than gemmæ in their origin and development. Hereafter, it may be convenient to give a separate name to those egg-like bodies which are fertile without impregnation, but for the present they must be called eggs. The author then proceeds to give a list of the instances of Parthenogenesis, which, so far as he knows, are recorded among the articulata. Finally, he expresses the belief that the careful consideration of these cases, and of the facts now recorded respecting *Daphnia*, and the still more wonderful observations recently detailed by Siebold in regard to *Apis* (if these latter are confirmed), must surely remove all lingering doubts as to the identity between eggs and buds; and he remarks that if Professor Huxley’s definition of “individual” and “zoid” is to be adopted, it will be impossible to assert of any *Daphnia* or moth, whether it is the one or the other, and the hive-bee will have to be considered as an hermaphrodite, a species without male individuals.

Under these circumstances, the author suggests that it would be more convenient to continue, as heretofore, to call the individual of any species that which is individualized, even though in this case the individuals of one species will not always be homologous with those of another.



A second paper was read giving an account of some interesting experiments by Mr. J. P. Joule, F.R.S., *On the Thermoelectricity of Ferruginous Metals, and on the Thermal Effects of stretching Solid Bodies.*

The experiments were made with a thermo-multiplier placed in the vacuum of an air-pump. Its sensibility was such that, with the junction of antimony and bismuth, a thermometric effect not greater than  $\frac{1}{5000}$  of a degree of centigrade could be estimated. In determining the thermo-electric position of the metals, it was necessary to increase the resistance of the instrument a hundredfold by placing in the circuit a coil of fine wire. In thermo-electric arrangement, steel was found to be nearer copper than iron was. By hardening, steel was raised almost to the place of copper. Cast-iron was found to surpass copper; so that the junction of cast-iron and copper is reverse to that of wrought-iron and copper, and the arrangement of cast-iron and wrought-iron is much more powerful than copper and wrought-iron. A new test of the quality and purity of ferruginous metals is thus indicated, which will probably be found of value to the arts.

The experiments on the stretching of solids showed, in the case of the metals, a decrease of temperature when the stretching weight was applied, and a heating effect when the weight was removed. An iron wire, a quarter of an inch in diameter, was cooled an eighth of a degree centigrade when stretched by a weight of 775 lbs. Similar results were obtained with cast-iron, hard steel, copper, and lead. The thermal effects were, in all these cases, found to be identical with those deduced from Professor Thomson's theoretical investigation—the particular formula applicable

to the case in question being  $H = \frac{t}{J} \times P e$ , where  $H$  is the heat absorbed in a wire one foot long,  $t$  the absolute temperature,  $J$  the mechanical equivalent of the thermal unit,  $P$  the weight applied, and  $e$ , the coefficient of expansion in per 1°. With gutta-percha also, a cooling effect on extension was observed; but a reverse action was discovered in the case of vulcanized india-rubber, which became heated when the weight was laid on, and cooled when the weight was removed. On learning this very curious result, Professor Thomson, who had already estimated the probability of a reverse action being observed under certain circumstances with india-rubber, suggested to the author experiments to ascertain whether vulcanized india-rubber, stretched by a weight, is shortened by increase of temperature. Accordingly, on trial, it was found that this material, when stretched by a weight capable of doubling its length, has that length diminished one-tenth when its temperature is raised 50° centigrade. This stretching effect was found to increase rapidly with the weight employed, and, exactly according with the heating effects observed with different weights, entirely to confirm Professor Thomson's theory.

## REVIEWS.

### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE modern popular theology of France is so saturated with a spirit of tawdry Mariolatry and rhapsodical mysticism, that we cannot but congratulate M. Silvestre de Sacy and his publisher, M. Techener, on having conceived the idea of editing a *Bibliothèque Spirituelle*, which should unite the highest literary excellence with the religious requirements incident to the aim of such a collection. The undertaking was fitly inaugurated, some four years ago, by Marillae's version of the *De Imitatione*, which was succeeded by the scarcely less famous *Introduction à la Vie Dévote* of Saint François de Sales. Our present concern, however, is not with either of these, but with the two works last added to the collection, which bear the honoured names of Fénelon and Nicole. M. de Sacy justly observes, in the Introduction prefixed to this edition of the *Lettres Spirituelles*,\* that none of Fénelon's works give an idea at once so accurate and so vivid, of what manner of man he was. "Son talent éclate dans tous ses ouvrages; son âme ne se révèle que dans les *Lettres Spirituelles*." The *Télémaque* may display greater art, but the *Lettres* have less of artifice. The *Dialogues sur l'Eloquence* honour the rhetorician, but the *Lettres* honour the man. The exquisite treatise on the *Education des Filles* may present a higher ideal, but the lessons inculcated in the *Lettres* may be practised out of Utopia. As a mere study of style—as a specimen of the unaffected naturalness and grace, rather than elegance, of which the French language is capable—these volumes deserve to be conned by every votary of polite literature. And for the more especial behoof of Protestant readers, it may not be superfluous to remark that they contain nothing which ought to wound the susceptibilities of any Christian mind. It is a significant fact, as showing the spirit of the Gallican Church of the seventeenth century, that from the beginning to the end of these *Lettres Spirituelles*, we do not remember meeting with more than one, and that a most casual, allusion to the very existence of the Virgin Mary. We trust the day is distant when bigotry shall ostracise the gentle and

evangelical religion of the Archbishop of Cambrai from the hearth and heart of any human being who calls himself a Christian.

The volume of *Petits Traités de Morale*\* belongs, as the title implies, more to moral philosophy than to religion proper. We are glad to have in our hands a volume which was the joy and constant companion of such a woman as Madame de Sévigné. Hers was no puling piety; and, when we remember the terms in which she writes to her daughter on the subject of Nicole's works, we feel some curiosity to test the justice of her eulogies. "C'est de la même étoffe que Pascal"—"Jamais le cœur humain n'a été mieux anatomisé"—"Si vous ne l'avez pas lu, lisez-le, et si vous l'avez lu, relisez-le avec une nouvelle attention"—"Je voudrais en faire un bouillon et l'avaler"—"Tout le monde s'y trouve, je suis persuadée qu'il a été fait à mon intention"—such are some of the expressions in which she records her estimate, now of this *Traité*, now of that, by the great disciple of Port-Royal. The *Traités* here selected for publication by M. de Sacy are five in number:—1. *De la Faiblesse de l'Homme*, which the editor considers full of instruction to an age which boasts of the marvels of its civilization. 2. *De la Soumission à la Volonté de Dieu*. 3. *Des diverses Manières dont on tente Dieu*. 4. *Des Moyens de conserver la Paix avec les Hommes*. "La Bruyère," says M. de Sacy, "n'a rien de plus fin, Pascal rien de plus profond." Voltaire styles it a *chef-d'œuvre*, without a rival in classical antiquity. 5. *De la Civilité Chrétienne*—which is complementary to No. 4, as might be inferred from the heading. These are all out of the twenty volumes of Nicole's *Essais de Morale*, with which M. de Sacy has ventured to confront the *lecteurs de notre siècle*. We trust that the experiment may meet with such success as to induce him to add a second series.

Before we come to the current publications of the day, we may call attention to a few more specimens of the literature of the olden time, which form part of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*. First on the list may be placed "the booke which the Knight of the Toure made to the enseignement and techyng of his daughters."† Curiously enough, the *Livre du Chevalier de la Tour Landry* first appeared in print in an English dress, under the auspices of Caxton, in the year 1483, and from his translation the few words just quoted are extracted. The original was composed in 1371, but was not committed to type till 1514. We have spoken above of Fénelon's *Education des Filles*. As a mode of illustrating the contrast of manners and life generally in the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries respectively, nothing could be more curious than to institute a parallel between the two works—the one written by a doughty knight who figured in frays which Froissart has chronicled, the other by a gentle and accomplished prelate, who knew of no other weapons but words of wisdom, charity, and love. The Chevalier's book had a greater run in England and in Germany—where it was translated as early as 1493, and re-edited, after numberless intervening editions, as late as 1849—than in its parent country; for the edition now given to the world with consummate care by M. de Montaignon has only had two predecessors in France, which date from the sixteenth century, and are among the rarissima of bibliography. The work is in the shape of tales illustrated by moral reflections. Both the stories and the commentaries are curious, as giving a picture of the habits of thought prevalent in the age to which they belong. There is a good deal of dramatic liveliness and point in the form of the book. The constant allusions to the writer's daughters, and the dialogues which occur in various stories, add to the general effect of this strange manual of feminine virtues and graces. Still there can be no doubt that students of the French language and literature will gain more from its perusal than the general reader, who will not unfrequently be impeded by the philological difficulties of the text. In this respect, the appliances furnished in the editor's notes are somewhat meagre. M. de Montaignon forgets that the public generally do not possess a tithe of his erudition in such matters.

The next work to which we have alluded also forms part of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*. The *Roman de Jehan de Paris*‡ may be regarded as one of the very best satirical novels of the sixteenth century. Our readers may remember having met with what professes to be a brief analysis of its contents, in M. Villemain's *Tableau de la Littérature au Moyen Age*. But we may be permitted to doubt whether that writer had ever seen the book of which he spoke so glibly. His information was probably derived second-hand; for whenever he drops from generalities into specific details, his details are either inaccurate or false. The book appears to have been written between 1525 and 1535, when Francis I. was at feud with Henry of England and the Emperor Charles. The hero is a young King of France (evidently intended for Francis), who has some thoughts of marrying a Spanish Princess to whom he has been affianced from his childhood by his father. At this juncture he learns that the Princess is about to be united to the King of England, who is on his passage through France to the Spanish Court.

\* *Choix des Petits Traités de Morale de Nicole*. Edition revue et corrigée par M. Silvestre de Sacy, Membre de l'Académie Française. Paris: J. Techener. 1857.

† *Le Lièvre du Chevalier de la Tour Landry, pour l'enseignement de ses Filles*. Publié d'après les MSS. de Paris et de Londres. Par M. A. de Montaignon, Anc. Elève de l'Ecole des Chartes, &c. Paris: Jannet. (Bibl. Elzévirienne.)

‡ *Le Roman de Jehan de Paris*. Publié d'après les premières éditions, et précédé d'une Notice par Emile Mabille. Paris: Jannet. (Bibl. Elzévirienne.)

\* *Lettres Spirituelles de Fénelon*. Edition revue et corrigée, par M. Silvestre de Sacy, Membre de l'Académie Française. 3 vols. Paris: J. Techener. 1856. (Bibliothèque Spirituelle.)

The French King sets out *incognito*, with a most sumptuous retinue, and overtakes the English monarch on the road—his intention being to accompany him to Spain, and, if satisfied with the Princess, to demand her hand, “au nez même du Roi d'Angleterre.” Spanish marriages, it would appear, are a favourite field for the exercise of French adroitness. Meanwhile he gives himself out to be the son of an opulent “bourgeois de Paris”—“*Vizère fortes ante Vêron multi*”—and completely dwarfs the magnificence of the English King's suite by the magnitude and costliness of his own. It is here that the point of the satire lies, and assuredly we infinitely prefer the good-humoured quizzing of the sixteenth century to the Anglophobist malignity of certain French journalists of the present day. Of course Jehan de Paris comes off with flying colours, and the English monarch is compelled to beat an ignominious retreat from the heart and hand of the Spanish Princess, outwitted as he is by a man whom he had rated as a fool. And well he might have done so; for when he inquires of Jehan de Paris the object of his errand to Spain, he meets with the following reply—“Je vous dist et assure pour vray qu'il peut y avoir environ quinze ans que feu mon père, à qui Dieu fasse pardon, vint chasser en ce pays. Quand il s'en partit il tendit un petit las à une cane, et je me viens ici esbattre pour veoir si la cane estoit prinse.” Time, however, solved the mystery, when the King of England found, to his discomfiture, that the “little duck” in question was the Princess aforesaid, whose hand was filched from him by Jehan de Paris. Of the minor publications of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, few will better repay perusal.

We have before us a new volume of Didot's *Biographie Générale*.\* The names of Fontenelle and Froissart, Fouquet and Fouché, Francis the First and Frederic the Great, stand out conspicuous in the volume, and the articles appended are, as heretofore, both full in detail and felicitous in execution. That on Fontenelle, in particular, brings out with happy terseness what we have already had occasion to observe with reference to that writer—namely, that he belongs at once to the seventeenth and to the eighteenth centuries. The *bel-esprit* of the one, and the *philosophe* of the other, the nephew of Corneille and the contemporary of Voltaire, “il forme l'anneau intermédiaire entre les deux âges.” The articles on Francis and Frederic are from the pen of M. Amédée Renée, whose powers as an historian have won a certain *éclat* by his recent publication, called *Les Nècesses de Mazarin*, which has already reached a second edition. To come to more recent times, we would call particular attention to M. Babinet's very suggestive biography of Foucault, containing an interesting account of the experiments and discoveries for which science is indebted to that distinguished man. In the notice on M. Fortoul, and in connexion with the so-called principle of “bifurcation,” introduced under the auspices of that Minister into the educational system of France—a principle which involved the divorce of classical from scientific studies—the writer observes, with significant caution, “l'expérience n'a pas encore prononcé sur cette grande innovation.” We fear that the sentiments expressed on the subject by the Emperor Napoleon in his published works do not warrant the hope of any return to older and better paths. The articles on Fox and Frobisher are not open to the animadversions we have formerly made on the biographies of Englishmen. We have again, however, to complain of a serious omission. Surely the name of the late Professor Forbes stood sufficiently high in the roll of scientific celebrities to preserve it from being passed over in silence.

When an author of established repute, and whose good faith is above suspicion, assures us that his work is the fruit of fifteen years' study and research, we feel bound to give him a patient hearing. Such an author is M. Alfred Maury, who has recently given to the world a volume entitled *La Terre et l'Homme*,† consisting of an outline of the latest general results arrived at, by others and by himself, on Geology, Geography and Ethnology. Of the three great writers who have approached the examination of those laws which are supposed to govern the development of humanity—viz. Bossuet, Vico, and Herder—Bossuet sought for the solution of the problem in the pages of Holy Writ, Vico in history, and Herder in the physical evolutions of that globe which is the theatre of the events that history undertakes to record. This remark is not without importance in connexion with M. Maury's work; for not only does the very title remind us that his object is to supply an *Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle*, but the sentiments put forth in the preface imply that he is a disciple of Herder, and regards the history of the human race from the standing point of the “*Philosophie der Menschheit*.” He seems desirous that what, in other histories, is at most the background, should here be made the foreground of the picture. While he admits that man is the lord of the creation, he submits that the monarch is more dependent on his subjects than they on him. Accordingly, in the first chapter, he takes a general survey of the whole Kosmos, and in the two following confines himself to our own planet. The physical constitution of the globe, the general configuration of its mountains, seas, and

continents, are placed before us with as much fulness as is compatible with the limits of a mere outline. The chapters from the fourth to the ninth inclusive contain the kernel of the work, and treat of the distribution of minerals, vegetables, animals, human races, languages, and religions over the surface of the globe. The two concluding chapters present a picture of the gradual development of domestic and civil culture on the one hand, and of the first necessities of human existence on the other. We may add that this book forms part of that excellent series called the *Histoire Universelle* of Duruy.

The reader may do well to confront with the work last named one on the same subject\* by M. Rougemont (the author of *Les Peuples primitifs*), but written from a different point of view. M. Rougemont has made up his mind that the first chapter or two of Genesis contain, or may be made to contain, all manner of cosmological tenets, after which science has been groping for thousands of years. We give him full credit for the extensiveness of his reading and acquisitions, the ingenuity of his theories, and, above all, for the purity and sincerity of his intentions; but we confess that we do not understand all his speculations, nor agree in many of his results, so sturdily do they bid defiance to all known laws of philological criticism and scientific data. And we further beg to call his attention to the following dilemma. He has united revelation and science in such a fashion that both must stand or fall together in his estimation. Supposing that the progress of science—and progress, it must be remembered, is of the essence of science—should hereafter modify or subvert the cosmological tenets thus forcibly wedded to revelation, what would then become of M. de Rougemont's faith?

Before proceeding to works of a lighter nature, we may state that M. Figuier (whose acquaintance we have already made as author of a work on *Alchemy and the Alchemists*) has commenced a publication which is henceforth to appear annually in December, and which is entitled *L'Année Scientifique*.‡ The writer's object is to give a yearly *résumé* of the most important discoveries, applications, and improvements of the arts and sciences in and out of France. He begins, for example, with the Isthmus of Suez, goes on to meteorology, railways in towns, submarine tunnels and telegraphs, horseflesh as an article of food, the inundations of 1856, and the various schemes for preventing their recurrence. He also gives a *résumé* of chemical and physical discoveries, sanitary questions, such as ventilation and injuries from particular trades, medicine and physiology, diseases of vines and silkworms—winding up by an enumeration of the prizes awarded by the *Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale*. Such is a general outline of the contents of this book. As a record of scientific doings in France, the work has considerable value; but M. Figuier was imprudent to challenge adverse criticism by annexing the words *et à l'étranger* on the title-page, for everything connected with England, Germany, and America is wretchedly meagre.

M. Charles Didier,‡ being disgusted with Europe in general, and Paris and France in particular, took himself off to the East, in search of *le repos et l'oubli*. He was on the point of returning to Europe, in the beginning of 1854, when an Englishman, apparently Captain Burton, the Oriental traveller, suggested a trip to Mount Sinai. Accordingly, on the 16th of January they set out for Suez, where Mr. Burton is represented as leaving M. Didier for the purpose of rejoining his regiment at Bombay. Our author proceeded in company with another Englishman, whose name is withheld, through the remainder of his travels, of which the course was as follows:—From Suez to Tor, from Tor to Sinai and back, then to Djeddah, and from there to Taif and back, and so across the gulf to Souakin. The spirit of the book will easily be gathered from the words at the conclusion of the preface:—“Le but de cette publication serait atteint, si les faits qu'elle renferme pouvaient édifier quelques esprits sur la grande comédie jouée par l'Europe au bénéfice de la Turquie.” Accordingly he is perfectly rabid in his denunciations against everything connected with Turkey, and urges her to strike her tents and be off to Asia. On the other hand, he lavishly extols the virtues of the Arab, and says that the moment is come when Arabia must shake off the Turkish yoke. The general impression which M. Didier has left on our minds is, that he has made use of his trip to Mecca as a mere stalking-horse for giving vent to his hoarded acrimony against Europe and France.

We are glad to be able to announce a third series of Saintine's so-called *Récits dans la Tourelle*.§ The first tale, “Antoine l'Ami de Robespierre,” which professes to be in some measure founded on fact, gives a horrible picture of the disordered passions let loose during that grim epoch which is so aptly styled the Reign of Terror. The story is in outline as follows. Antoine follows Robespierre from Arras to Paris. He has a son Victor, of whom he is passionately fond. Stung with jealousy at finding that Victor's affections are divided between himself and a girl of high birth, who had been compelled

\* *Histoire de la Terre d'après la Bible et la Géologie*. Par Frédéric de Rougemont. Paris et Genève: Cherbuliez. 1856.

† *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle*. Par Louis Figuier, Docteur-ès-Sciences, Docteur en Médecine, Agrégé de Chimie, Rédacteur du Bulletin Scientifique de la Presse. Première année. Paris: Hachette. 1857.

‡ *Séjour chez le Grand-Chérif de la Mekke*. Par Charles Didier. Paris: Hachette. 1857. (Bibl. des Chemins de Fer.)

§ *Antoine l'Ami de Robespierre, &c. Récits dans la Tourelle*. Troisième Série. Par X. B. Saintine. Paris: Hachette. 1857.

\* *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, publiée par MM. F. Didot Frères, sous la direction de M. le Dr. Hoefer. Tome xviii. Paris. 1857.

† *La Terre et l'Homme, ou Aperçu Historique de Géologie, de Géographie et d'Ethnologie Générales pour servir d'Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle*. Par M. Alfred Maury, Secrétaire de la Soc. de Géographie. Paris: Hachette. 1857.



by the horrors of the Revolution to skulk as a sempstress in a Paris garret, with no other companion but a venerable and proscribed priest, Antoine resorts to an anonymous denunciation of both, as a means of satisfying the demands of his jealous love. The scene which ensues between the father and son, who has taken poison, is very awful. It is only when the death-rattle is in his throat that he learns how his father had wickedly wrought the murder of one who was dearer to him than life itself. We pass over the next tale, which deals with the supernatural, and solicit the reader's attention to the "Histoire de ma Grande Tante," which is scarcely less painful than the "Antoine." The scene is laid in the time of Louis Quinze. The concluding tale, by the way—"La Dame des Marais-salants"—might also be said, in a certain sense, to deal with the supernatural, for it is the history of a woman who for three years feigned perfect mutism. M. Saintine appears to us to have committed as great a violation of probability as the Italian sculptor when he made his allegorical statue of Silence a female figure.

#### LIFE OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER.\*

GREAT men are soon forgotten, even if their greatness has ever been recognised, and Sir Charles Napier was so imperfectly understood during his life, that to nine-tenths of the readers of this biography it will be matter of surprise that so little should be generally known of a man so wise, valiant, original, and noble, and so recently gone away from among us. Another is added to the long list of England's departed heroes—a man of whom yet unborn generations will be proud, and whose greatness was of a kind eminently fitted to find its way into the hearts of Englishmen. Words cannot paint Napier's courage, at once so fiery, so patient, so unflinching, and yet so completely the triumph of an unflinching mind over a weak body. No man ever lived who more thoroughly hated a lie; and few men have lived in modern England whose actions and writings are so full of instruction. His comments on passing events and contemporary men, on the policy of Government and the conditions of national happiness, are not rivalled in any work possessed by this generation, except in the collection of Dr. Arnold's Letters; and those who are familiar with that work will, in reading the life of Napier, perceive many points of similarity between the two men—the same boyishness, the same mixture of tenderness and fierceness, the same unflinching honesty, the same quick, clear insight into the heart of a question. Sir William Napier has done both himself and his brother justice. The whole work is pervaded with an indescribable air of something noble, lofty, and stern. We see the heroic aspect of modern life in these pages, and it is brought home to us, not by its existence being pointed out, but by its influence pervading the entire character of the two brothers. Undoubtedly Sir Charles Napier had faults. He was a grumbler, a headstrong man, and hard to get on with; but he was so principally because his lot placed him in the midst of a system which raised weak and foolish men over his head, and saddened him with the spectacle of triumphant mediocrity. His was the perversity of a great, not of a little mind. His jealousies were directed, not against bad governors, but against the very existence of bad government. He quarrelled with men because he was made mournful and irritable by the sight of the fearful consequences which follow timidity, vanity, and narrowness among rulers. We do not say that, if he had added to his other great qualities that of an equable and conciliatory disposition, he would not have been a greater and more perfect man; but we may safely say that in all his errors there is something that commands our love and admiration.

The early life of Charles Napier gave abundant promise of coming greatness. He was born at Whitehall, the 18th of August, 1782. His father, the Honourable George Napier, was distinguished by high virtues of character, as well as by extraordinary physical powers—his mother was the Lady Sarah Lennox, whom the passion of George III. so nearly raised to a throne. Many anecdotes are told of the infancy and boyhood of Charles Napier, showing his inherent resolution and decision of character. When only six years old, a showman in joke invited him to perch himself on the top of a ladder, which the performer balanced on his chin. "Silent," says Sir W. Napier, "for a moment, he seemed to fear, but suddenly looking up said, 'Yes,' and was borne aloft amid the cheers of the spectators." At twelve he received his commission, and accompanied his father to the camp. His regiment was quartered in Ireland, and on one occasion his father and he, at the head of a body of militia, came by night across another party of militiamen. Before signals had been exchanged, Colonel Napier's troop had supposed that they were encountering a body of insurgents, and the moon suddenly appearing revealed the little officer with his bayonet fixed ready to charge Tim Sullivan, the biggest man in the Cork militia. "Tim looked down in astonishment an instant, and then catching his small foe in his arms, kissed him." Charles Napier was always undergoing dangers and accidents of every description, and perhaps no man ever survived more frequent escapes from destruction. At ten he tore the flesh off his leg in leaping, and at seventeen he broke the leg below the knee. Sick and in the first agony of suffering, he had still reso-

lution enough to make a companion hold his foot while he himself pulled up his knee, and in that manner set his leg. But it was not set straight, and at the end of a month it was found that one leg was shorter than the other. The doctors said that if he could bear the pain they would break it again or bend it straight; and he endured the torture of the process rather than remain deformed. He was of the true temper of a soldier, and yet soldiering was never to his taste. Over and over again he repeats how thoroughly he disliked the army, how he was grieved by the horrors of war, and how much all suffering in others went to his heart. "To me," he says, "military life is like dancing up a long room with a mirror at the end against which we cut our faces, and so the deception ends. It is thus gaily men follow their trade of blood, thinking it glitters; but to me it appears without brightness, a deception, a dirty red." He was the most affectionate and tender of sons, and nothing can exceed the love and respect with which, wherever he might be, he wrote to his mother, whose life was prolonged to a very advanced age. He was always longing for home, for those who were dear to him; for peace and a modest obscurity. But he loved duty better than ease, and, as his brother expresses it, "set the strength of his brain against the softness of his heart, and bravely accepted a fate which doomed him to a lifelong struggle."

Charles Napier obtained his majority in 1806, and at the end of 1808 was ordered to the Peninsula. He arrived in time to take a distinguished part in the battle of Corunna, heading his regiment (the 50th) into action, and being ultimately taken prisoner, after displaying the utmost gallantry and judgment. His life was saved by a French drummer, named Guibert, but not until he had received enough wounds to have killed half a dozen other men. Among other inconveniences, a musket ball broke the small bone of his leg, some inches above the ankle. When taken to the French quarters, he was given into the charge of a surgeon, who was proceeding to dress his leg, but it was so swollen that the surgeon could not get off the boot without cutting it, and this Napier would not allow, hoping to escape. For some months his family believed him to be dead, until an English frigate was sent to inquire after him, and Ney, hearing that he had a blind and widowed mother, released him, and permitted him to return in the frigate, on condition of his not serving until he should have been exchanged. In May, 1810, having got leave of absence, he joined the Light Division in the Peninsula, as a volunteer. He was present at the battle of Busaco, on the 27th of September, and, as he says, "a very beautiful fight it was." Its beauty must, however, have been lessened to him by his receiving during the action a wound which tortured him to his dying day. A bullet passed through his nose from the right, shattered the left jaw, and lodged near his ear. He fell, gasping out, "I could not die at a better moment," and heard some one exclaim, "Poor Napier, after all his wounds, is gone at last." "This observation," he says, "made me uneasy," for he feared lest he should be buried alive; so, by a slight twist, he intimated, "alive, but not merry." In 1811, Massena retreated from the lines of Torres Vedras, and Napier, who was then at Lisbon, set off directly the news of the retreat arrived, and, with his wound still bandaged, rode ninety-two miles upon the same horse in twenty-two hours in order to be present at the battle which was anticipated. For once he went under fire and escaped; but he had enough to try him. As he came up with the main body of the army, he met a litter covered with a blanket. "What officer is that?" he asked. "Captain Napier of the 52nd, with a broken limb." Another litter met him. He repeated the question, and was told, "Captain Napier of the 43rd, mortally wounded." He did not stop for an instant, although he was most tenderly attached to his brothers, but rode on and took his part in the fight. No man ever had a more romantic idea of a soldier's honour, or better acted up to the standard of what he thought honour and duty demanded of him.

His promotion in the service was singularly slow, and it was only because it was impossible any longer to pass him over, that he was made, in 1811, a Lieutenant-Colonel. He was gazetted to the 102nd regiment, then stationed at Bermuda, and to that dull island and the weary life of a distant and peaceful command, he repaired after the excitements and vicissitudes of the Peninsular struggle. He describes the place as having "a wet climate, nothing to eat, no fruit, no vegetables, no wine, no good company." At last he found something to do, for in 1813 he was ordered on active service; but it was service of an inglorious and disappointing kind. He was sent to America under Sir Sydney Beckwith, to act in conjunction with a naval force. The naval and military commanders of the expedition quarrelled, no real harm was inflicted on the enemy, and horrors were committed in the destruction of American towns, from which Napier's generous and merciful spirit revolted. At last he managed to effect an exchange into his old regiment, the 50th, and hastened back to take a share in the great conflict with Napoleon. But on his arrival in England, he found the war over, and ever anxious to make the most of all opportunities given him, he went, with his brother William, to study at the Military College at Farnham. There he remained till 1817, with the exception of a short excursion to the Continent to see as much as he could of the campaign of 1815. In 1819 he was appointed Inspecting Field Officer in the Ionian Islands; and in 1822, Military Resident in Cephalonia. In this unknown island his great powers of civil government were for the first time displayed.

\* *The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B.* By Lieut.-General Sir W. Napier, K.C.B. Vols. 1 and 2. London: Murray, 1857.

He constructed a great road over and through rocks, he built moles, market-places, and streets; and although he made his power felt, he won the general respect and esteem of the natives. But it was impossible that a man who did so much should not have many enemies; and unfortunately the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, his immediate superior, was a narrow-minded, inefficient, and foolish man. He intrigued against his subordinate, and Napier had to appeal and appeal in vain to the Home authorities. No doubt the fault was partly Napier's; he was not conciliatory, but he was irritated himself, and he was not a man to spare those who provoked him, especially when they at the same time bore to him the appearance of public wrong-doers, as having accepted high stations for which they were unfit. He returned home, and for the next ten years, the ten years of his prime, the services of this great man—great in his capacity for both civil and military command—were entirely lost to the country; a striking instance of the heavy penalties we pay for the English system of government. Married in 1827, he lost his wife in 1833, and in 1834, having a prospect of being entrusted with the government of a new Australian colony, he married again. His deep poignant grief for his first wife was only what might have been expected in a man so sensitive and so tenderly attached to all who belonged to him. His second wife was a widow with a family of her own. And soon after his re-marriage he lost a great portion of his savings in an American investment. Thus in sorrow, poverty, and obscurity he lived on till 1839, and then at last, in his 57th year, he was placed in a position which gave him ample power of showing what he was. Through the influence of Lord Hill and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, he was appointed to the command of the Northern district at a time when a Chartist insurrection was daily expected. We must reserve for another occasion the story of the benefits he conferred on his country, by his energy, resolution, and sagacity, while holding this important post.

#### AN EVANGELICAL NOVEL.\*

HOW to convey the discoveries of the learned to the ignorant mass has always been one of the most perplexing problems of controversial tactics. To refute an adversary is, at least in one's own estimation, a very easy matter. Learning, logic, and a good cause will go a long way with those who read and think; but if a man were as profound as Aristotle himself, it would puzzle him to argue into conviction people who will not read his arguments. Various have been the devices to which proselytizers have had resort, in order to overcome this difficulty. Erasmus undermined the Papacy by squibs. The detestable casuistry of the Jesuits fell before Pascal's playful Letters. The early Reformers spread their doctrines by preaching in season and out of season—in the street, in the market-place, and on the village common; for preaching was in their hands something very different from the periodical recitation of a string of common-places from a MS. The older churches, on the other hand, have always relied on methods of instruction *oculis subjecta fidelibus*—on symbols, and ceremonies, and pictures, "the poor man's books." And both Romanist and Reformer have made plentiful use of that vehicle of knowledge which Dr. Johnson's Laird of Rum so fully appreciated—"the yellow stick." But it has been reserved for these latter days—when persecution is out of vogue, art Popish, and open-air preaching methodistical—to invent the religious novel. Whatever may be thought of it as an instrument of instruction, the eagerness with which the combatants in our late theological frays have seized on it is sufficient proof of its value as a controversial weapon. The plan of its composition may be easily described. The hero and heroine either are, or come to be, of the author's particular opinions. The result is, that they are conglomerates, respectively, of all manly and feminine virtues, and are ultimately rewarded with supreme and permanent peace of mind—with, probably, a fortune into the bargain. Somebody else is of the opinions to which the author happens to have a special aversion. He constantly meets the hero or heroine in argument, and is as constantly defeated; and the usual upshot is, that he steals the spoons, or does something equally horrible, and comes to an evil end. Sometimes, however, if the author is of a placable temperament, he is allowed to be converted; and then his abiding happiness is paraded as a conclusive proof of the correctness of the author's views. The dialectical skill required for this species of controversy is obviously of the simplest order. In fact, the syllogisms employed being of that kind which are denominated "a lady's argument," it has been usual to confide the wielding of this weapon to female hands.

The book before us is the most recent specimen of the class. It is of the Evangelico-Minerva type—a cross between Dr. McNeile and Mrs. Radcliffe—and is written with the laudable aim of opening our eyes to the dark Jesuit intrigues with which the fair surface of society is mined. Before we proceed to give an account of it, we entreat that our printer may not be held responsible for any peculiarities of language or orthography which may be detected in our extracts. Our author's knowledge of English is small, but his ignorance of French and Italian is unmitigated and complete; and unluckily he has a predilection,

common to small novelists, for interlarding his sentences with French and Italian words. We can only afford to give specimens of his blundering. We have a "*Machievellian*" order for "*Machievellian*"—a gentleman is said to be "*visé*" by the Jesuits, meaning that he is under their *surveillance*—Pio Nono always appears as "*Pio Nino*"—one of the characters is constantly described as "*exigée*," for "*exigéant*"—and so we might go on through a long list. However, we may hope for better things in a second edition. In the errata we are told to substitute *seance* for *soeance*; and as the blunder happens many times over, right through the book, and therefore cannot well be a misprint, we may venture to hope that the author is getting on in his French, and that the discovery of the spelling of that difficult word marks a stage in the development of his studies later than the period of his going to press. The author shrinks from fame behind the veil of the anonymous; but we should imagine that he must be an Irishman, not only because the scenes laid in Ireland have more nature than any other part of the book, but also because he displays a shamelessness in the exhibition of his ignorance rare in a native of any other country. He has selected Mr. Westerton for his publisher—the motive for which eccentric act seems, from the following passage, to be his admiration for a striking incident in the life of that great man:—

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Dean," returned the churchwarden, firmly, "I am entirely of Bishop Latimer's opinion, when it was 'up with candles, it was down with Christ'; and if you or your curate attempt to place on the Communion Table of Fosterton Church, candles, lighted or unlighted, I shall exercise my right as churchwarden, and, in the face of the congregation, remove them with my own hand, and fling them outside the door."

The noble Liturgy of the Church of England, in its apostolic simplicity, was neither desecrated, nor its soul-edifying services neutralized and interrupted, by Tractarian "mummeries" in the parish church of Fosterton. Would it not have been well, if the heads of Oxford College had acted in the same spirit, protesters against the introduction of error, as this sturdy congregation and their fearless churchwarden? The Jesuit snake, Pusey & Co., would then have been "scotched," and "the plague had been stayed."

To make up for the shortcomings of the "Heads of Oxford College" in not "scotching the Jesuit snake" by flinging some light or lights out of some door or doors unknown, the author proceeds unflinchingly with his revelations. We will try to give a summary of his tale of terror. There is an Irish proprietor, Mr. Fosterton, with an excitable wife. They are deluded enough to frequent "Paul and Barnabas," and the Jesuits consequently think they see their way to the possession of the Fosterton estates. Accordingly, by the use of certain "subtle essences," or poisons, on which a Jesuit father is said to have written a learned work, the Protestant governess is made ill, and removed from the family. A neighbouring baronet, who is a Jesuit, recommends a young Italian to the post, who is also a Jesuit. It is part of the creed of Exeter Hall and Mr. Westerton, that the Company of Jesus consists alike of men and women, landed proprietors and priests. This Jesuit governess is a spirit-medium, and gives spirit-rapping *séances* to Mrs. Fosterton; and by the help of the valet, who is also a Jesuit, and who works a galvanic battery from a neighbouring room, the spirits "rap" Romanizing answers to the questions of the confiding Mrs. Fosterton. Meanwhile, there is a fourth Jesuit staying in the house. He is a captain in the Guards, and a Jesuit priest; and a man with a "flinty eye, glittering like steel"—a property we never observed in flint before. This Jesuit, Captain Gardner, is an Admirable Crichton. He shoots, dances, hunts, bets, writes plays, acts, sings, medievalizes, and quotes "Froude's Remains" to Mrs. Fosterton, and "plays his thoughts" on the pianoforte *a la German* (as the author elegantly phrases it), to the young ladies. Between his medievalism and the revelations of the spirits, Mrs. Fosterton is abandoning her belief in the "martyr Hooker" (of whose martyrdom historians are shamefully ignorant), and progressing rapidly towards Rome, when an unlucky accident cuts short the Captain's career. He has a pupil in the house, a concealed Papist, who knows him in his sacerdotal character. This pupil falls in with a neighbouring clergyman—a dreary old gentleman, who preaches by the hour against "the Moloch of superstition"—and gets converted; and it appears likely that he may betray the priestly character of his Guardsman friend. Accordingly, the Jesuit Captain, equal to any emergency, invites him to go out shooting, and tries to shoot him. Unluckily, he only wounds him, and is consequently obliged to beat a rapid retreat from the country. Subsequently, we hear of the indefatigable man in the disguise of a Polish Jew, trying to reconcile Judaism with the Papacy. But the return of the season brings the Fostertons to town. It is necessary that Mr. Fosterton should be ruined. He is, therefore, enticed into play by gaudy friends—some of them Jesuits; and he is so utterly fleeced that he is compelled to borrow money by mortgaging his Irish estates—again to the Jesuits. Meanwhile Mrs. Fosterton has fallen in with her sister, Lady Drydale, who is a staunch Protestant, and does her best to keep her sister from Romanizing. The Jesuits are alarmed. She must be removed; and the "subtle essences" necessary for this purpose are entrusted to the spirit-rapping governess. This young lady, however, has the remnant of a heart, and is with great difficulty persuaded to her task. It is in describing her scruples and her agony, after administering the first dose of the poison, that the author discloses a depth of Jesuit intrigue the thought of which freezes us with horror:—

"Mother of Heaven!" cried its superstitious worshipper, "thou hast deserted me, shown thy displeasure to the wretched Seraphine, for holding

\* *Poisoners and Propagandists; or, a Developed Age.* A Tale. 2 vols. London: Westerton. 1856.



back, even in thought, from the penance the Church inflicts. Holy saints and martyrs!" she exclaimed, almost wildly, "mortify within me the corrupt affection I bear towards that heretic lady, who would plunge me in mortal sin, by teaching me to doubt thy power." And snatching up the ebony figure, she hurried on, as if afraid of trusting herself again in the contemplation of nature or her own thoughts; and, with downcast eyes, walked rapidly out of the square, passing on towards Piccadilly; and here, seemingly awaiting her approach, stood a close covered cab; the driver, as she turned into Piccadilly from Wilton-place, pointing his whip with a peculiarity of gesture she seemed to understand, towards the Heavens.

"He points to the east, and so comes from Monsignor," she said to herself, "and I have kept him waiting by my sinful wavering;" and, stepping from the flag-way into nearly the centre of the street, she held up the black rosary in her hand, but without at all glancing towards the cab-driver.

The man instantly opened the door of the vehicle, and, without a word being spoken by either of the parties, the lady stepped in, bestowing a sharp, quick look at the obsequious cab-driver, who stood holding open the door of the cab, to admit his mysterious fare, while in that rapid glance Seraphine Mardon recognised a zealous Marist missionary, whose edifying discourses she had sat under in the Metropolitan Chapel of Dublin, before Sir Anthony Reynard's sister introduced her to Mrs. Fosterton.

We had flattered ourselves that, amid all the defections of this backsliding age, the British cabman at least was a staunch Protestant. We have often suspected governesses, and have long seen something Jesuitical in the manners of the Household Brigade; but we have always contemplated with undisturbed complacency that well-weathered cape and that battered hat, without a suspicion that they only concealed the cassock and the tonsure. But we must follow our over-scrupulous governess. She is driven to a "Carmelite convent in a distant quarter of the City;" and she forthwith enters the chapel, which the author pronounces, on account of its frescoes and arabesques and painted glass, to be "more suited to witness Eleusinian mysteries than the simple forms of Apostolic worship." And here we are introduced to another class of society who are manoeuvring for our conversion—namely, "aristocratic young ladies." They act, doubtless, in concert with the Guardsmen, with whom frequenters of ball-rooms may often observe them to be conferring in a low tone of voice. A procession enters the chapel—

Slowly following came the Carmelite nuns of the adjoining convent. . . . while behind the cloistered vestals, walked, three abreast, young and lovely women, dressed in the most graceful fashion, in robes of the purest white, a pale blue satin scarf of the richest material flung over the right shoulder of each fair votary. . . .

High born and educated, as far as worldly accomplishments went, were these young and lovely missionaries of "the oblates of Mary," chosen for their personal beauty and vocal powers: but their souls were trammelled by a blinded and slavish superstition, that commanded the adoption of a picturesque costume, as well as the offering up their artistic services to win over and confirm imperishable souls in that religion of the senses—"Mystic Babylon"—so clearly marked out in Scripture as an Apostate Church, antagonistic through so many ages to the worship of the living God, "in spirit and in truth."

Further on, we are told that these young ladies, whom the Jesuits seem to have selected in most guardsmanlike style "for their personal beauty and vocal powers," are "a confraternity of beautiful Marists." What a Marist may be, or how a number of young ladies can be a confraternity, the author does not stop to explain. As far, however, as we can gather, a Marist, male or female, is exactly the same as a Jesuit, and is invested with all the attributes which belong to that semi-fabulous animal. After the procession comes a service, peculiar, we suspect, to the "Carmelite nunnery in the City." The female confraternity in blue and white first sing that well-known hymn, *Glorias Laus*, and then—

In an adjoining crypt, on the "Altar of Repose," the gilded ark and wafer god was laid with great pomp and ceremony, and the "High Mass of Deposition" performed effectively by Monsignore Reynard, ably assisted by his attendant priests; when lo! the chapel was suddenly flooded with brilliant light, and a *noceua* for the conversion of heretic Protestant England was gone through in masterly style by the Monsignore, the priests, nuns, and Marist choir joining most devoutly in the office.

The service has the effect of entirely removing any scruples the governess might have had about poisoning Lady Drydale—a feat she accordingly performs the same evening. Mrs. Fosterton is in despair; and, by the advice of the Jesuit baronet, her husband takes her to Rome for change of scene. The author describes the perils of Rome in a passage which displays alike his resources of metaphor and orthography:—

The visitor feels nothing but the most enthusiastic pleasure, for the iron rule of superstition is not preying on his vitals; sights and sounds of beauty await him, and, if reason surrenders the reigns to fancy, he is sure to be meshed in the wily net of an ubiquitous Propaganda, spread every where around him to engulph the unwary.

This eloquent passage entirely throws into the shade Lord Castlereagh's "fundamental feature on which this question hinges." We certainly should feel no tendency to enthusiastic pleasure if we had an iron rule in our vitals, let alone its being engaged in the act of eating them. Mrs. Fosterton, however, would surrender the "reigns" to fancy, and was consequently meshed in the wily net, &c. It required, however, a journey to Paris, to enable the said wily net finally to "engulph" her. The Empress Eugénie is brought in to accomplish the catastrophe. Acting, of course, under Jesuit orders, she invites Mrs. Fosterton to join her and the Emperor in receiving the Eucharist at the Requiem sung over the fallen in the Crimea. The Englishwoman acquiesces with the promptest courtesy, and, together with her husband, is at once rebaptised. But, unluckily, just at this juncture, the Italian governess overhears the steward reading the Epistle to the Corinthians. She instantly turns Protestant; and, having written an account of all her crimes to Mrs. Foster-

ton, dies of a broken heart. Mrs. Fosterton becomes a confirmed lunatic; and her husband, his estates gone to the Jesuits, lives on as "a blackleg haunting the German Spas."

We have omitted to mention Mr. Fosterton's chaplain, whose adventures form an episode in the story. He is trained up in rigid Protestantism by a widowed mother. Unfortunately, he takes a liking for the Opera; and in consequence of this departure from vital godliness, he falls before long into the snare of Tractarianism, under the influence of Captain Gardner and the governess's spirit-rapping. *Pari passu* with his progress in doctrine, he also makes progress in morals, by falling in love with his patron's wife. The two passions ripen together, and he declares himself to her, and goes over to Rome, on the same day. He is received by no less a person than Dr. Newman, whom, by the way, the author coolly charges—under the perfectly transparent pseudonym of "Dr. Freshman," "the leading writer of the *Tracts for the Times*"—with having been a Jesuit priest some time before they appeared. Dr. Newman has probably had enough of Lord Campbell's justice—otherwise, an action for libel might have a salutary effect in staying the progress of this habit of religious slander.

It may be said that we waste paper in exposing such trash as this. Trash as it is, however, it is useful in gauging the intellect and the veracity of a party which is likely to rule the "religious world" for some years to come. They sit in high places in the Church—they are powerful enough to overawe the House of Commons. At their bidding, honourable men stoop to juggle with delusive pledges about Maynooth, and to vote in hundreds for fastening on their inferiors a Sabbatical yoke which they themselves would shake off with contempt. It is melancholy enough if one-tenth part of the ignorance and malignity with which this book is rank can be imputed to the party which holds an ascendancy such as this. And yet, as ballads indicate a nation's real feelings, so a religious novel is now-a-days the true mouth-piece of a sect. Treatises and sermons are written, and in the main read, by the educated few—what the people think is told in what the people read. And so we are driven to the painful conclusion that our religious future as a nation is in the hands of a party whose intellectual qualifications may be found in the columns of the *Record*, the speeches of Mr. Spooner, and the novels published by Mr. Westerton.

#### BACON IN GERMANY.\*

"IF our German Philosophy is considered in England and in France as German dreaming, we ought not to render injustice for injustice, but rather to prove the groundlessness of such accusations by endeavouring ourselves to appreciate, without any prejudice, the philosophers of France and England, such as they are, and doing them that justice which they deserve; especially as, in scientific subjects, injustice means ignorance." With these words Mr. Kuno Fischer introduces his work on Bacon to the German public; and what he says is evidently intended, not as an attack upon the conceit of French, and the exclusiveness of English philosophers, but rather as an apology which the author feels that he owes to his own countrymen. It would seem, indeed, as if a German was bound to apologise for treating Bacon as an equal of Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, and Schelling. Bacon's name is never mentioned by German writers, without some proviso that it is only by a great stretch of the meaning of the word, or by courtesy, that he can be called a philosopher. His philosophy, it is maintained, ends where all true philosophy begins; and his style or method has frequently been described as unworthy of a systematic thinker. Spinoza, who has exercised so great an influence on the history of thought in Germany, was among the first who spoke slightly of our great countryman. When treating of the causes of error, he writes, "What he (Bacon) adduces besides, in order to explain error, can easily be traced back to the Cartesian theory; it is this, that the human will is free and more comprehensive than the understanding, or, as Bacon expresses himself in a more confused manner, in the forty-ninth aphorism, 'The human understanding is not a pure light, but obscured by the will.'" In works on the general history of philosophy, German authors find it difficult to assign any place to Bacon. Sometimes he is classed with the Italian school of natural philosophy—sometimes he is contrasted with Jacob Boehme. He is named as one of the many who helped to deliver mankind from the thralldom of scholasticism. But any account of what he really was—what he did to immortalize his name, and to gain that prominent position among his own countrymen which he has occupied to the present day—we should look for in vain, even in the most complete and systematic treatises on the history of philosophy published in Germany. Nor does this arise from any wish to depreciate the results of English speculation in general. On the contrary, we find that Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume are treated with great respect. They occupy well-marked positions in the history of philosophy. Their names are written in large letters on the chief stations through which the train of human reasoning passed before it arrived at Kant and Hegel. Locke's philosophy took for a time complete possession of the German mind, and called forth some of the most important and decisive writings of Leibnitz; and Kant himself owed his commanding position to the battle which

\* *Franz Baco von Verulam. Die Realphilosophie und ihr Zeitalter. Von Kuno Fischer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1856.*

he fought and won against Hume. Bacon alone has never been either attacked or praised, nor have his works, as it seems, ever been studied very closely by Germans. As far as we can gather, their view of Bacon and of English philosophy is something as follows. Philosophy, they say, should account for experience; but Bacon took experience for granted. He constructed a cyclopædia of knowledge, but he never explained what knowledge itself was. Hence philosophy, far from being brought to a close by his *Novum Organon*, had to learn again to make her first steps immediately after his time. Bacon had built a magnificent palace, but it was soon found that there was no staircase in it. The very first question of all philosophy, *How do we know?* had never been asked by him. Locke, who came after him, was the first to ask it, and he endeavoured to answer it in his *Essay concerning Human Understanding*. The result of his speculations was, that the mind is a *tabula rasa*, that this *tabula rasa* becomes gradually filled with sensuous perceptions, and that these sensuous perceptions arrange themselves into classes, and thus give rise to more general ideas or conceptions. This was a great step in advance; but there was again one thing taken for granted by Locke—the perceptions. This led to the next step in English philosophy, which was made by Berkeley. He asked the question, What are perceptions? and he answered it boldly. Perceptions are the things themselves, and the only cause of these perceptions is God. But this bold step was in reality but a bold retreat. Hume accepted the results both of Locke and of Berkeley. He admitted with Locke, that the impressions of the senses are the source of all knowledge—he admitted with Berkeley, that we know nothing beyond the impressions of our senses. But when Berkeley speaks of the cause of these impressions, Hume points out that we have no right to speak of anything like cause and effect, and that the idea of causality, of necessary sequence, on which the whole fabric of our reasoning rests, is an assumption. Thus English philosophy, which seemed to be so settled and positive in Bacon, ended in the most unsettled and negative scepticism in Hume; and it was only through Kant that, according to the Germans, the great problem was solved at last, and men again knew *how* they know.

From this point of view, which we believe to be that generally taken by German writers of the historical progress of modern philosophy, we may well understand that the star of Bacon should disappear almost below the horizon. And if those only are to be called philosophers who inquire into the causes of our knowledge, or into the possibility of knowing, a new name must be invented for men like him, who are concerned alone with the realities of science. The two are antipodes—they inhabit two distinct hemispheres of thought. But German Idealism, as M. Kuno Fischer says, would have done well if it had become more thoroughly acquainted with its opponent:—

And if it be objected that the points of contact between German and English philosophy, between Idealism and Realism, are less to be found in Bacon than in other philosophers of his kind—that it was not Bacon, but Hume, who influenced Kant; that it was not Bacon, but Locke, who influenced Leibnitz; that Spinoza, if he received any impulse at all from those quarters, received it from Hobbes, and not from Bacon, of whom he speaks in several places very contemptuously—I answer, that it was Bacon whom Des Cartes, the acknowledged founder of dogmatic Idealism, chose for his antagonist. And as to those realistic philosophers who have influenced the opposite side of philosophy in Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant, I shall be able to prove that Hobbes, Locke, Hume, are all descendants of Bacon, that they have their roots in Bacon, that without Bacon they cannot be truly explained and understood, but only be taken up in a fragmentary form, and, as it were, plucked off. Bacon is the creator of realistic philosophy. Their age is but a development of the Baconian germs; every one of their systems is a metamorphosis of Baconian philosophy. To the present day, realistic philosophy has never had a greater genius than Bacon, its founder—none who has manifested the truly realistic spirit, that feels itself at home in the midst of life, in so comprehensive, so original and characteristic, so sober, and yet at the same time so ideal and aspiring a manner—none, again, in whom the limits of this spirit stand out in such distinct and natural relief. Bacon's philosophy is the most healthy, and quite artificial expression of Realism. After the systems of Spinoza and Leibnitz had moved me for a long time, had filled, and, as it were, absorbed me, the study of Bacon has been to me like a new life, the fruits of which are gathered in this book.

After a careful perusal of M. Fischer's work, we believe that it will not only serve as a useful introduction to the study of Bacon in Germany, but that it will be read with interest and advantage by many persons in England who are already acquainted with the chief works of the philosopher. The analysis which he gives of Bacon's philosophy is accurate and complete; and without indulging in any lengthy criticisms, he has thrown much light on several important points. He first discusses the object of that philosophy, and characterizes it as Discovery in general—as the conquest of nature by man (*Regnum hominis; interpretatio naturæ*). He then enters into the means which it supplies for accomplishing this conquest, and which consist chiefly in experience:—

The chief object of Bacon's philosophy is the establishment and extension of the dominion of man. The means of accomplishing this we may call culture, or the application of physical powers toward human purposes. But there is no such culture without discovery, which produces the means of culture; no discovery without science, which understands the laws of nature; no science without natural science; no natural science without an interpretation of nature; and this can only be accomplished according to the measure of our experience.

M. Fischer then proceeds to discuss what he calls the negative or destructive part of Bacon's philosophy (*pars destruens*)—that is to say, the means by which the human mind should be purified and freed from all preconceived notions before it ap-

proaches the interpretation of nature. He carries us through the long war which our countryman commenced against the idols of traditional or scholastic science. We see how the *idola tribus*, the *idola specus*, the *idola fori*, and the *idola theatri*, are destroyed by Bacon's iconoclastic philosophy. After all these are destroyed, there remains nothing but uncertainty and doubt; and it is in this state, approaching very nearly to the *tabula rasa* of Locke, that the human mind should approach the new temple of nature. Here lies the radical difference between Bacon and Cartesius—between Realism and Idealism. Des Cartes also, like Bacon, destroys all former knowledge. He proves that we know nothing for certain. But after he has deprived the human mind of all its imaginary riches, he does not lead it on, like Bacon, to a study of nature as an object, but to a study of itself as the only subject which can be known for certain—*cogito, ergo sum*. His philosophy leads to a study of the fundamental laws of knowing and being—that of Bacon enters at once into the gates of nature, with the innocence of a child (to use his own expression) that enters the kingdom of God. Bacon speaks, indeed, of a *Philosophia prima* as a kind of introduction to Divine, Natural, and Human Philosophy; but it is hardly right to say that he should have discussed in this preliminary chapter the problem of the possibility of knowledge. It was destined by him as a "Receptacle for all such profitable observations and axioms as fall not within the compass of the special parts of philosophy or sciences, but are more common, and of a higher stage." He mentions himself some of these axioms, such as—"Si inæqualibus aequalia addas, omnia erunt inæqualia;" "*Quæ in eodem tertio conveniunt, et inter se conveniunt*;" "*Omnia mutantur, nil interit*." The problem of the possibility of Knowledge would generally be classed under metaphysics; but what Bacon calls *Metaphysique* is, with him, a branch of philosophy treating only on Formal and Final Causes, in opposition to *Physique*, which treats on Material and Efficient Causes. If we adopt Bacon's division of philosophy, we might still expect to find this problem discussed in the chapter on Human Philosophy; but here, again, he treats man only as a part of the continent of Nature, and when he comes to consider the Substance and Nature of the Soul or Mind, he declines to enter into this subject, because "the true knowledge of the nature and state of the soul must come by the same inspiration that gave the substance." There remains, therefore, but one place in Bacon's cyclopædia where we might look for information on this subject—namely, where he treats on the Faculties and Functions of the Mind, and in particular, of Understanding and Reason. And here he dwells indeed on the doubtful evidence of the senses as one of the causes of error so frequently pointed out by other philosophers. But he remarks that, though they charged the deceit upon the senses, their chief errors arose from a different cause—from the weakness of their intellectual powers, and from the manner of collecting and concluding upon the reports of the senses. And he then points to what is to be the work of his life—an improved System of Invention, consisting of the *Experientia Literata*, and the *Interpretatio Naturæ*.

It must be admitted, therefore, that one of the problems which has occupied most philosophers—nay, which, in a certain sense, may be called the first impulse to all philosophy—the question whether we can know anything, is entirely passed over by Bacon; and we may well understand why the name and title of philosopher has been withheld from one who treated human knowledge as an art (*τέχνη*), but not as a science (*ἐπιστήμη*). This is a point which M. Fischer has not overlooked; but he has not always kept it in view, and in wishing to secure to Bacon his place in the history of philosophy, he has deprived him of that more exalted place which Bacon himself wished to occupy in the history of the world. Among men like Locke, Hume, Kant, and Hegel, Bacon is a stranger. Bacon himself would have drawn a very strong line between their province and his own. He knows where their province lies, and if he sometimes speaks contemptuously of formal philosophy, it is only when formal philosophy has encroached on his own ground, or when it breaks into the enclosure of revealed religion, which he wants to be kept sacred. There, he holds, the human mind should not enter, except in the attitude of the Semnones, with chained hands. Bacon's philosophy could never supplant the works of Plato and Aristotle, and though his method might prove useful in every branch of knowledge—even in the most abstruse points of logic and metaphysics—yet there has never been a Baconian school of philosophy, in the sense in which we speak of the school of Locke or Kant. Bacon was above philosophy. Philosophy, in the usual sense of the word, formed but a part of his great scheme of knowledge. It had its place therein, side by side with history, poetry, and religion. After he had surveyed the whole universe of knowledge, he was struck by the small results that had been obtained by so much labour, and he discovered the cause of this failure in the want of a proper method of investigation and combination. The substitution of a new method of invention was the great object of his philosophical activity; and though it has been frequently said that the Baconian method had been known long before Bacon, and had been practised by his predecessors with much greater success than by himself or his immediate followers, it was his chief merit to have proclaimed it, and to have established its legitimacy against all pretenders. M. Fischer has some very good remarks on Bacon's method of induction, particularly on the *instantia prærogativa* which, as he points out, though they show the weak-



ness of his system, exhibit at the same time the strength of his mind, which rises above all the smaller considerations of systematic consistency, where higher objects are at stake.

M. Fischer devotes one chapter to Bacon's relation to the ancient philosophers, and another to his views on poetry. In the latter, he naturally compares Bacon with his contemporary, Shakspeare. We recommend this chapter, as well as a similar one in a work on Shakspeare by Gervinus, to the author of the ingenious discovery that Bacon was the real author of Shakspeare's plays. Besides an analysis of the constructive part of Bacon's philosophy, or the *Instauratio Magna*, M. Fischer gives us several interesting chapters, in which he treats of Bacon as an historical personage, of his views on religion and theology, and of his reviewers. His defence of Bacon's political character is the weakest part of his work. He draws an ingenious parallel between the spirit of Bacon's philosophy and the spirit of his public acts. Discovery, he says, was the object of the philosopher—success that of the politician. But what can be gained by such parallels? We admire Bacon's ardent exertions for the successful advancement of learning, but, if his acts for his own advancement were blameable, no moralist, whatever notions he may hold on the relation between the understanding and the will, would be swayed in his judgment of our illustrious countryman's character by such considerations. We make no allowance for the imitative talents of a tragedian, if he stands convicted of forgery, nor for the courage of a soldier, if he is accused of murder. Bacon's character can only be judged by the historian, and by a careful study of the standard of public morality in Bacon's times. And the same may be said of the position which he took with regard to religion and theology. We may explain his inclination to keep religion distinct from philosophy by a reference to the practical tendencies of all his labours. But there is such a want of straightforwardness, and we might almost say, of faith, in his theological statements, that no one can be surprised to find that, while he is taken as the representative of orthodoxy by some, he has been attacked by others as the most dangerous and insidious enemy of Christianity—nay, that writers like De Maistre see in him a decided atheist and hypocrite.

In a work on Bacon, it seems to have become a necessity to discuss Bacon's last reviewer, and M. Fischer therefore breaks a lance with Mr. Macaulay. We give some extracts from this chapter (page 358, *seq.*), which will serve as a specimen of our author's style:—

Mr. Macaulay pleads unconditionally in favour of practical philosophy, which he designates by the name of Bacon, against all theoretical philosophy. We have two questions to ask—1. What does Mr. Macaulay mean by the contrast of practical and theoretical philosophy, on which he dwells so continually? and 2. What has his practical philosophy in common with that of Bacon?

Mr. Macaulay decides on the fate of philosophy with a ready formula, which, like many of the same kind, dazzles by means of words which have nothing behind them—words which become more obscure and empty, the nearer we approach them. He says—Philosophy was made for Man, not Man for Philosophy. In the former case it is practical; in the latter, theoretical. Mr. Macaulay embraces the first, and rejects the second. He cannot speak with sufficient praise of the one, nor with sufficient contempt of the other. According to him, the Baconian philosophy is practical—the pre-Baconian, and particularly the ancient philosophy, theoretical. He carries the contrast between the two to the last extreme, and he places it before our eyes, not in its naked form, but veiled in metaphors, and in well-chosen figures of speech, where the imposing and charming image always represents the practical, the repulsive the theoretical, form of philosophy. By this play he carries away the great mass of people, who, like children, always run after images. Practical philosophy is not so much a conviction with him, but it serves him to make a point; whereas theoretical philosophy serves as an easy butt. Thus the contrast between the two acquires a certain dramatic charm. The reader feels moved and excited by the subject before him, and forgets the scientific question. His fancy is caught by a kind of metaphorical imagery, and his understanding surrenders what is due to it. . . . What is Mr. Macaulay's meaning in rejecting theoretical philosophy, because philosophy is here the object, and man the means; whereas he adopts practical philosophy, because man is here the object, and philosophy the means? What do we gain by such comparisons, as when he says that practical and theoretical philosophy are like works and words, fruits and thorns, a high-road and a treadmill? Such phrases always remind us of the remark of Socrates—They are said indeed, but are they well and truly said? According to the strict meaning of Mr. Macaulay's words, there never was a practical philosophy; for there never was a philosophy which owed its origin to practical considerations only. And there never was a theoretical philosophy, for there never was a philosophy which did not receive its impulse from a human want, that is to say, from a practical motive. This shows where playing with words must always lead. He defines theoretical and practical philosophy in such a manner that his definition is inapplicable to any kind of philosophy. His antithesis is entirely empty. But if we drop the antithesis, and only keep to what it means in sober and intelligible language, it would come to this—that the value of a theory depends on its usefulness, on its practical influence on human life, on the advantage which we derive from it. The use alone is to decide on the value of a theory. Be it so. But who is to decide on its use? If all things are useful which serve to satisfy human wants, who is to decide on our wants? We take Mr. Macaulay's own point of view. Philosophy should be practical; it should serve man, satisfy his wants, or help to satisfy them; and if it fails in this, let it be called useless and hollow. But if there are wants in human nature which demand to be satisfied, which make life a burden unless they are satisfied, is that not to be called practical which answers to these wants? And if some of them are of that peculiar nature that they can only be satisfied by knowledge, or by theoretical contemplation, is this knowledge, is this theoretical contemplation not useful—useful even in the eyes of the most decided Utilitarian? Might it not happen that what he calls theoretical philosophy seems useless and barren to the Utilitarian, because his ideas of men are too narrow? It is dangerous, and not quite becoming, to lay down the law, and say from the very first, "You must not have more than certain wants, and therefore you do not want more than a certain philosophy!" If we may judge from Mr. Macaulay's illustrations, his ideas of human nature are not very liberal. "If we were forced," he says, "to make our choice between the first shoemaker and Seneca, the author of the books on Anger, we

should pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet; and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept anybody from being angry." I should not select Seneca as the representation of theoretical philosophy, still less take those for my allies whom Mr. Macaulay prefers to Seneca, in order to defeat theoretical philosophers. Brennus threw his sword into the scale in order to make it more weighty. Mr. Macaulay prefers the awl. But whatever he may think about Seneca, there is another philosopher more profound than Seneca, but in Mr. Macaulay's eyes likewise an impractical thinker. And yet in him the power of theory was greater than the powers of nature, and the most common wants of man. His meditations alone gave Socrates his serenity when he drank the fatal poison. Is there, among all evils, one greater than the dread of death? And the remedy against this, the worst of all physical evils, is it not practical in the best sense of the word? True, some people might here say, that it would have been more practical if Socrates had fled from his prison, as Kriton suggested, and had died an old and decrepit man in Boeotia. But to Socrates it seemed more practical to remain in prison, and to die as the first witness and martyr of the liberty of conscience, and to rise from the sublime height of his theory to the seats of the Immortals. Thus it is the want of the individual which decides on the practical value of an act or of a thought, and this want depends on the nature of the human soul. There is a difference between individuals in different ages, and there is a difference in their wants. . . . As long as the desire after knowledge lives in our hearts, we must, with the purely practical view of satisfying this want, strive after knowledge in all things, even in those which do not contribute towards external comfort, and have no use except that they purify and invigorate the mind. . . . What is theory in the eyes of Bacon? "A temple in the human mind, according to the model of the world." What is it in the eyes of Mr. Macaulay? A comfortable dwelling, according to the wants of practical life. The latter is satisfied if knowledge is carried far enough to enable us to keep ourselves dry. The magnificence of the structure, and its completeness according to the model of the world, is to him useless by-work, superfluous and even dangerous luxury. This is the view of a respectable ratepayer, not of a Bacon. Mr. Macaulay reduces Bacon to his own dimensions, while he endeavours at the same time to exalt him above all other people. . . . Bacon's own philosophy was, like all philosophy, a theory; it was the theory of the inventive mind. Bacon has not made any great discoveries himself. He was less inventive than Leibnitz, the German metaphysician. If to make discoveries be practical philosophy, Bacon was a mere theorist, and his philosophy nothing but the theory of practical philosophy. . . . How far the spirit of theory reached in Bacon may be seen in his own works. He did not want to fetter theory, but to renew and to extend it to the very ends of the universe. His practical standard was not the comfort of the individual, but human happiness, which involves theoretical knowledge. . . . That Bacon is not the Bacon of Mr. Macaulay. What Bacon wanted was new, and it will be eternal. What Mr. Macaulay and many people want at the present day, in the name of Bacon, is not new, but novel. New is what opposes the old, and serves as a model for the future. Novel is what flatters our times, gains sympathies, and dies away. . . . And history has pronounced her final verdict. It is the last negative instance which we oppose to Mr. Macaulay's assertion. Bacon's philosophy has not been the end of all theories, but the beginning of new theories—theories which flowed necessarily from Bacon's philosophy, and not one of which was practical in Mr. Macaulay's sense. Hobbes was the pupil of Bacon. His ideal of a State is opposed to that of Plato on all points. But one point it shares in common—it is as impractical a theory as that of Plato. Mr. Macaulay, however, calls Hobbes the most acute and vigorous spirit. If, then, Hobbes was a practical philosopher, what becomes of Mr. Macaulay's politics? And if Hobbes was not a practical philosopher, what becomes of Mr. Macaulay's philosophy, which does homage to the theories of Hobbes?

We have somewhat abridged M. Fischer's argument, for, though he writes well and intelligibly, yet, like all German writers, he wants condensation; and we do not think that his argument has been weakened by being shortened. What he has extended into a volume of nearly five hundred pages, might have been reduced to a pithy essay of one or two hundred, without sacrificing one essential fact, or injuring the strength of any of his arguments. The art of writing in our times is the art of condensing; and those who cannot condense write only for readers who have more time at their disposal than they know what to do with.

Let us ask one question in conclusion. Why do all German writers change the thoroughly Teutonic name of Bacon into Baco? It is bad enough that we should speak of Plato; but this cannot be helped. But unless we protest against Baco, Baconis, we shall soon be treated to Newton, Newtonis, or Kane, Kantis.

#### CHATTERTON.\*

DR. MAITLAND has been all his life surprised that men should be so careless "about the reality of things presented to their minds as truths," or rather should so misspend the pains they take in the investigations they do make. Pondering on these things, he has been "led to think of attempting something in the nature of an inquiry respecting 'The right Means and Methods of seeking and knowing Truth.'" The greater part of the pamphlet before us was written as a contribution to that work. It is to be looked on, therefore, as something more than a reconsideration of the Rowley question—it is an indictment and conviction of previous inquirers, and a model of the mode in which such investigations ought to be conducted so as to insure us against "misapplying and misspending our care and pains." It can scarcely be said, however, that this high object has been perfectly secured. The inquiry is conducted much as such inquiries generally are conducted—foregone conclusions of the author modify his views of the evidence; and the case made out is very far from being impregnable.

The main point to which Dr. Maitland directs his argument is this. He desires to show that Chatterton did not write the poems published as Rowley's, however much he may have altered and modernized them. He thinks that there were real ancient

\* Chatterton. An Essay. By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S. and F.S.A. London: Rivingtons. 1857.

poems which served as their prototypes, and that they may still be in existence; and he desires archæologists "not to allow the notion of a forgery to prevent their keeping a look-out for 'Old Rowley.'" On his way to this conclusion, he endeavours to show that Chatterton was no enthusiastic poet, but a young lawyer's clerk, with a sharp and cunning eye to the main chance—that, from whatever cause he died, he was not driven by destitution to commit suicide—and that his whole character, and the nature of the writings indubitably his own, entirely preclude the idea of his having originated Rowley's poems.

In what Dr. Maitland says as to the moral character of Chatterton, most persons who have read his life are probably not much at issue with him. There can be no doubt that Chatterton was a self-willed, arrogant, self-seeking lad—utterly destitute of principle and honour, and nearly so of the commonest gratitude—and altogether as unworthy as any aspirant could well be of that assistance in his career, the denial of which has given occasion to so much bitter and undeserved censure. This much—which, as we have said, was never seriously open to doubt—Dr. Maitland makes very clear and conclusive. The question whether Chatterton died in a state of utter destitution, and on the brink of starvation, has very little practical bearing on Dr. Maitland's main argument; and the reader's interest in it arises from its affording a sort of measure of how far the author is justified in his censures on the existing ways of eliciting truth, and how far his own example improves upon them. We will not travel out of his own evidence, for we think, on the face of that alone, he is not warranted in his conclusions. What is known on the subject may be very briefly summed up. Curiously enough, an account of the inquest on his death has turned up. Even from this, indeed, we learn nothing decisive—still it is the most direct evidence we have. Mrs. Angel, his landlady, testified that "two days before his death he came home," in a great passion "with the baker's wife, who had refused to let him have another loaf until he paid her 3s. 6d. which he owed her previously." This looks very much as if he had not 3s. 6d. or even the price of a loaf left. Again she says, that "at one time, when she knew that he had paid her all the money he had in the world, she offered him sixpence back, which he refused to take, saying, 'I have that here (pointing to his forehead) which will get me more.'" Mr. Cross, the apothecary, a neighbour on whom he was in the constant habit of calling, says "he knew he was half starving." On the other side, Dr. Maitland argues that his friends made a subscription to take him to town. How much it amounted to there is no evidence to show; but Dr. Maitland *thinks* it must have been enough to last him some time after he reached London. He adds that it is clear Chatterton wrote for Dodsley and others while in town, and must have been paid for his writings—that he is *said* to have received 5*l.* for a burletta—that he was of temperate habits, and not likely to waste his money in debauchery—and that he wrote magnificent accounts of his doings in London to his mother and sister. Now there is very little direct evidence here. It is an assumption to suppose that he brought any supply from Bristol to last him in London; and it is equally an assumption that he received anything beyond the merest trifles for his very worthless contributions to the magazines of the day. There is no proof that he ever got 5*l.* for his burletta; and there is an account, in his own handwriting, showing how small his gains really were—as little, in one case, as 1*s.* a-piece for two articles, and 10*s.* for sixteen songs. It is true he was of very temperate habits; but, on the other hand, he himself says he laid out his money in dress and in frequenting places of public entertainment. Dr. Maitland may say he could scarcely spend all his money in this way; but he states that he did thus spend money, and money would go fast in this way. In Bristol he had described himself as—

Wildly squandering everything I got  
On books and learning, and the Lord knows what.

Moreover, his landlady says he had no money left; and when Dr. Maitland asks how she should know, the only answer is, that she says she did know, and that landladies do learn these things. As to those letters home in which he indulges his passion for lying—freely boasting of his intimacy with Wilkes, and his interest with the Duke of Bedford, and promising silk dresses to his sister—the fact that he did apply for a surgeon's place (whether in the African Company or elsewhere, matters little) is sufficient to quash any evidence of prosperity these letters may afford. It is clear his golden dreams had vanished—it is clear, we think, that he was pressed by absolute want—and Dr. Maitland's mode of arriving at a contrary conclusion on the latter point will probably appear to his readers to be a specimen of bad, and not of improved reasoning on evidence.

The more important question remains—Can Chatterton possibly have written the "Magical interlude of Ælla," and the other poems he professed to have copied from old MSS. discovered in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol? Dr. Maitland's mode of arguing this question disqualifies him, we cannot help thinking, for the chair of Professor of the Mode of attaining to Truth. He thinks it sufficient to reduce the admirers of Chatterton to a dilemma. He quotes Johnson, Warton, D. Milles, Horace Walpole, Mr. Malone, Mr. Mason, Mr. Knox, Mr. Pye, Mrs. Cowley, Scott of Amwell, Hayley, Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Helen Maria Williams, who all say that Rowley's poems are amazingly good. Malone thinks him the greatest genius since Shakspeare. Coleridge calls him "sublime of thought, and

confident of fame." Finally, we have the opinion of Mr. Masson, who pronounces that there are passages in his poems quite equal to any to be found in Byron, Shelley, or Keats. Now, continues Dr. Maitland, "I don't venture an opinion on these poems myself, but all these people say they are good. There is but one opinion on this point. Now, I bring forth the poems Chatterton is *known* to have written. I submit them to general examination, and I say they are utter rubbish, and that the man who wrote them never can have written the poems which these judges pronounce fine."

To this mode of arguing we object that, if Dr. Maitland chooses to rely on the evidence of the judges he quotes, he must take their evidence upon Chatterton's acknowledged poems as well as upon Rowley's poems; and the fact is, these critics, though they acknowledge a difference, by no means think there is the impassable gap between the two which Dr. Maitland discerns. If, on the other hand, Dr. Maitland does not rely on the dicta of experts, but calls on us to prove our own judgment on Chatterton's acknowledged poems, he must appeal to our own judgment, too, on Rowley's poems. For ourselves, we have no difficulty at all in the matter. We think many of Chatterton's poems poor enough, but not such absolute rubbish as Dr. Maitland conceives, and we differ widely from the judgments pronounced on Rowley's poems. Mr. Masson's dictum is, perhaps, as incapable of being sustained as any criticism on record. He must have judged these poems through Malone. It seems scarcely possible that any competent man can have read them attentively at this day and hold such an opinion. It was possible for Malone, for—not to question his powers of judging—they are just the sort of poetry which found acceptance in his day. That they are wonderful efforts for a boy of fifteen or sixteen, no one can deny; but, on the other hand, they are just such things as a very clever, precocious boy of fifteen or sixteen might write. They are shallow and immature—they show an absence both of thought and knowledge. They do not spring from a critical poetic conception, but are, for the most part, a mere exaggeration of sounding phraseology. Rarely, if ever, do they bear the impress of a *first-class* poetic imagination, however stunted by ignorance and distorted by untimely forcing. That Chatterton had genius, these works make clear; and there are gleams of it in his other writings. His Saxon prose poem may be called bombast; but it is the same sort of bombast that is common in Rowley—neither better nor worse.

It is essential to Dr. Maitland's argument that we should compare the best of Chatterton's known poems with those of Rowley—not the worst, as is done in this pamphlet. It is in vain for him to say that a man who could write so ill as *this* could not write so well as *that*—it lies on him to prove that there is an impassable distinction between the best of his acknowledged poems and the worst of Rowley's. Now we have no hesitation in saying that the elegy beginning, "Joyless I seek the solitary shade," is absolutely better than anything in Rowley. It has a meaning throughout, and a basis of genuine feeling which cannot be said of the turgid lines on Freedom, always cited as the finest thing in the St. Mary's Redcliffe MSS. We agree with Dr. Maitland that Chatterton was no poetic enthusiast, in the sense of one who would sacrifice selfish objects to his art—we agree that his main idea was, by hook or crook, to advance himself in the world—but we cannot agree that he was destitute of great activity and force of mind, and even of considerable poetic ability, excessively as they have been overrated. He was as good a poet as Collins—by nature, a much better one than Mason.

There is positive evidence that Chatterton found some parchments which he deemed of value. He furnished Horace Walpole with a list of painters which was already in the virtuoso's possession, having been copied from parchments in St. Mary Redcliffe, by Vertue. What became of these MSS. is quite uncertain; but we cannot feel any uncertainty as to whether they contained the originals of Rowley's poems. It is impossible to read these with any attention, and not perceive that they are made, not by altering old poems so as to modernize them, but by giving a caricatured air of antiquity to modern poetry. Take one test alone—the mute *e* is never sounded. All words are pronounced as they now are, only misspelled and interspersed with some real old words, and some odd monsters. Translate them into modern English, and the rhythm remains unimpaired:—

Ælla and thee togdyer synke to helle!  
Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome!  
I feere no Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle.  
Unlydgfulle traytoure, wyll thou now rebelle?  
"Tys knowne thatte yie men be lyncked to myne,  
Bothe sente as troopes of wolves to sletre felle;  
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne.  
Nowe bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyoune state,  
Speacke thou in rage once moe, I wyll thee dyffregate.

Angliced:—

Ælla and thou together sink to hell!  
Be your names blasted from the roll of doom!  
I fear no Ælla, that thou knowest well.  
Unlifeliful traitor, wilt thou now rebel?  
'Tis known that thy men are linked to mine,  
Both sent as troops of wolves to slaughter fell;  
But now thou lackest them to be all thine.  
Now by the gods that rule the Danish state,  
Speak thou in rage once more, I will thee diffregate.

Dr. Maitland may urge that the metre and phraseology have been modernized from a genuine original; but he must admit, on

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his own hypothesis, that in the form of the words antiquity has been ostentatiously preserved. A competent examination of these would very soon prove that the mass of them are *rificia-mentos* of modern words, not selections of ancient ones. It is possible that there may have existed something in the nature of an ancient chronicle, and probably Chatterton did see something which gave him a certain degree of familiarity with one or two old names or old words; but we cannot indulge the faintest hope of any archæologist lighting upon anything in the nature of a body of original poetry corresponding to the effusions of Chatterton.

## GIULIO BRANCHI.\*

THIS book is a novel, in one volume, thrown into the form of an autobiography—the autobiographer being an Italian who from small beginnings rises, through much strange fortune, to a respectable position in society. Giulio Branchi commenced life as a *cenciajo*, or rag-gatherer, in the streets of Leghorn, picking up a few *quattrini* by his calling, squabbling with his fellow gamins, and playing at *morra*. The only civilizing influences which acted on his childhood were a beautiful Madonna, which had, no one knew how, come into the possession of his family, and a hardly less beautiful younger brother. The neglected boy was not, however, without something of that genius which is found so often amongst his countrymen. About sixteen, he was returning home one evening, when he heard a few notes of music, which entranced him, took possession of his thoughts, and made him a changed being. He became ashamed of his useless and listless life, learned to read, helped by a kind Capuchin, and dreamed of ambition and hardy enterprise. About four months after his sudden awakening, he fell in with an old acquaintance who had turned sailor. Persuaded by him, he bade adieu to his family, embarked on board a felucca bound for Palermo, and for a year knocked about in the Mediterranean without any very notable adventure.

When he was seventeen, and on a voyage from Naples to Leghorn, the little vessel was caught in a violent storm, and Giulio was cast on the desolate shores of Sardinia—the only survivor of the crew. After several days of hardship and some strange experiences, he encountered one of the banditti who infest the mountains of that island, and was by him conducted to his chief—a brigand of the true romantic type, young, dashing, and far superior in education to his ruffianly followers. Giulio became his servant, and ere long one of the band. He was concerned in several rather hazardous enterprises, especially in the rescue of a girl betrothed to his chief, who had been carried off by a rival troop of robbers, and in a desperate skirmish with these robbers, under the formidable leadership of “Il Lupo.” Amongst his wild associates Giulio found a Tuscan who, after much varied fortune, including certain love-passages in England, had found his way to the Sardinian fastnesses. This man took a fancy to our hero, instructed him, and helped him in several ways—not least by giving him, when he lay on his deathbed, a plan of route by which he might escape to Cagliari, and a letter of credit on a merchant there. Giulio lost no time in availing himself of this opportunity of quitting an occupation which he only half liked, and rode off one morning unsuspected, accompanied by Titano, his noble Sardinian dog. Towards evening what was his surprise to encounter in a solitary place a stranger, who turned out to be “Il Lupo” himself! There was nothing for it but to throw himself on the protection of this terrible man, and to try to pass for a chance visitor to Cagliari, whom a love of wandering had decoyed into the mountains. The plan succeeded: and “Il Lupo,” who treated his guest with more than the courtesy of Roderick Dhu, guided him next morning to the edge of the last strip of woodland. At Cagliari he found the person to whom he had been recommended, received a sum of money which had been placed to the credit of his deceased friend, and soon put the sea between him and an island where he had learned much, but which promised him no career.

On his return to Leghorn he found that his mother was dead, and that his beautiful younger brother, Beppino, had been adopted by an Englishman, Mr. Taunton. The meeting between the two brothers was cordial, and Giulio soon became almost a member of Mr. Taunton's family, and of course fell in love with his ward, Miss Leslie. The usual difficulties and complications followed, and Giulio went off in bad humour to Florence to carry on his artistic education, which had been commenced under the auspices of the Tuscan in the robber-haunts of Sardinia. In Florence, however, he gave himself up to a life of idleness, became the adorer of a beautiful Marchesa, a non-virtuous Pia, who was soon carried off by a jealous husband, not to the Maremma indeed, but to St. Petersburg. The shock of parting did no good to our hero. He was stunned, not roused, and ere long fell back into mere dissipation. A dream which he had about this time had more effect upon him; and leaving Florence, which he found more favourable to gaiety than to study, he returned to sober Leghorn. Here he was soon hard at work at his easel. Passing by a lonely place late one night, he was suddenly stabbed in the side. The wound was not deep, for the faithful Titano arrested the hand of the assassin. This personage gave the following strange account of himself:—

We are five who work for Signor Bolli, the shoemaker, in Via —, who sends us out every night, one here, one there. We are all furnished with these

instruments; and our master tells us to stick and destroy all we meet. The *padrone* has made a vow to have the Misericordia bell ringing every night, and that is why he employs us to do the work. If we wound man, woman, or child we get two *lire* for our pains; but if we kill any one outright, he pays us a dollar, calls us brave fellows, and bids us watch again. It is now eighteen months we have been at this work, and more than a hundred have been either stabbed or made cold during that time.

The information obtained from the would-be murderer led to the apprehension of the gang to which he belonged—a hazardous undertaking, in which Giulio distinguished himself. Beppino now died, and about the same time the fair and frail Marchesa. Our hero next met again the English lady to whom he was attached, and was invited by Mr. Taunton to make his house his home. This offer he declined, and pursued his avocations as a painter, keeping up a constant communication with his brother's benefactor. Ere long, he acquired considerable reputation in the city of Lucca, which he had chosen for his abode. When he had reached the point where success was assured, he had the good fortune to save the life of Miss Leslie, who had been wrecked off Leghorn in an Austrian vessel. The inevitable result followed, and all ended happily.

Such is the outline of this story. The filling up is, like the general conception, tolerable, but it is nothing more. If it had not been for one paragraph in the preface, we should scarcely have thought it necessary to notice it in these columns. The paragraph to which we allude is the following:—

Incredible as the existence and the deeds of such a character as “Bolli” may appear to English readers, still many of our countrymen, who have resided in Leghorn within the last twenty years, can bear witness that the wretch's name only has been changed; and a dear relative of mine, who has penetrated into the wilds of the Island of Sardinia, can easily corroborate that portion of my friend's story which treats of the location and authority of the bandits of the interior; inasmuch as he himself, during a visit to the forests, was attended by a famous chief, whose safe conduct and protection were purchased for the journey.

If Giulio Branchi reaches a second edition, Mr. Elwes would do well to give us some further details about Bolli and his gang. Such details might, as he is evidently himself aware, bear curiously upon the question of capital punishment and its effects.

With regard to the second part of the paragraph, we find, on turning to Admiral Smyth's interesting sketch of Sardinia, published in 1828, a state of things described which does not materially differ from that depicted by Mr. Elwes. We learn that one of the favourite amusements of the young men at that period was firing at the *Cagliarese*, a small piece of money. Success in this exercise was much applauded by their seniors, because it tended to make their vengeance, when a blood-feud called them to action, more certain and terrible. The Sardis were then not a whit less revengeful than their island neighbours. Much that Admiral Smyth says corresponds exactly with the account which Gregorovius lately gave of the *vendetta* in Corsica. The woods, hills, and grottoes were full of *malviventi*. To die by a gun-shot wound was honourable—to die quietly at home disgraceful. Most of the Sardinian outlaws did no harm to strangers. Like the executioner in Holland who, when ordered to shave the head of a criminal, answered proudly, “Je suis bourreau, moi, je ne suis pas perruquier,” they said we are not robbers, we are only assassins. When Admiral Smyth visited the island, the east coast was the most disturbed district, and it is on the east coast that the scene of *Giulio Branchi* is laid. From the earliest period, the mountains in the centre of the island, which rise in Monte Genargentu to 5276 feet above the sea, have been the residence of half-civilized men. The march of improvement has been slow, even on the maritime plains—how much more so in the rugged interior! Admiral Smyth mentions a bandit chief whose courtesy was, at least, as great as that of Il Lupo in the story before us. He always received strangers with the greatest civility when they gave him due notice of their approach. He also confirms what is said of Titano, the dog—on the whole, perhaps, the most interesting character in the story. Large and fierce mastiffs appear to be a necessary part of a robber chieftain's guards in Sardinia. Strange as is the account which Mr. Elwes gives of his bandit-leader, the audacity and fame of Francesco Boi, who was taken and executed at Cagliari when Admiral Smyth was in the island, appears to have been not less great, and the career of both heroes might be easily paralleled in other parts of Europe in our own day. There is nothing told by Mr. Elwes half so strange as an incident in the life of Subri the Hungarian robber, which, as it was narrated to us within a few miles of the spot where it is said to have occurred, and as it has, to the best of our belief, never appeared in print, may be worth detailing. The daughter of the postmaster at Semlin was engaged to an Austrian officer who belonged to one of the regiments which line the military frontier. A stringent regulation prevents any such officer from marrying, unless he can give satisfactory proof that he and his intended wife possess between them at least ten thousand florins. In this case the necessary amount was not forthcoming. The young lady, walking one day on the outskirts of Semlin, was accosted by a stranger, who asked some questions about the neighbourhood. In the course of conversation something was said which led her companion to suspect the real state of affairs, and he succeeded in making her disclose the cause of the melancholy which he had perceived. When he had heard all, he told her that if she would be on the same spot on that day fortnight, with her mother, at an hour which he named, she should receive the ten thousand florins.

*Giulio Branchi. The Story of a Tuscan, related by himself, and Translated from the Italian MS. by Alfred Elwes. London: Adley and Co. 1857.*

On that day fortnight Subri was killed by a party of Austrian soldiers, in a little wayside inn, not far from Semlin. The ten thousand florins were found upon him. Stories, hardly less curious, about Rosa Sandor are current in Hungary, and some of them may be read in Max Schlesinger's brilliant little book on the *Hungarian War*. In the spring of 1851, Il Passatore, who had his head-quarters in the Ravenna pinewood, performed feats which Robin Hood never surpassed.

We have thought it desirable to make these remarks, in order to take away from the minds of our readers the very natural prejudice which exists against a story of bandit life. Such things are apt to be thought mere imitations of an old-fashioned style of novel; but enough has been said to show that they are not altogether so unlike reality as at first sight they seem. Of the minor improbabilities of the story it is not worth while to say anything. Yesterday, a rag gatherer at Leghorn—to-day, a student under a brigand professor amongst the Sardinian hills—to-morrow, the accepted lover of a Marchesa, the half-accepted lover of an accomplished English girl. Fact is strange, but not so strange as this fiction.

#### CATHEDRA PETRI.\*

WE would suggest to the Cambridge University Commissioners, that if means can be found for the establishment of more Professorships of Divinity, a Chair of Ecclesiastical History—the University has none such at present—should be always occupied by a layman. The departments of Exegetical, of Pastoral, and of Dogmatic Theology must be always assigned to men who have made the science of Divinity their special and professional study, not only because they may be supposed to have devoted their time and thoughts to them more particularly, but because, from their habits of mind as clergymen, we may feel more confident that they will treat them in a becoming spirit. But ecclesiastical history stands, as it seems to us, on a different footing. It is far too closely connected with secular history—it interpenetrates politics too inextricably—to be surrendered to the exclusive handling of a special profession, which, moreover, on some accounts, is not perhaps the best qualified to treat it. We do not question but that a classical Church historian, a Professor of Church History, may be a man of candour—a man with a generous and wide appreciation of men and things, and who has risen far above the prejudices of sect or party. Our literature has lately been enriched by a *History of Latin Christianity*, from the pen of a divine dignified by his wise liberality as well as by his eminent position; and we have hailed with great satisfaction the recent appointment, to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, of another, from whom we may equally expect good sense, moderation, and many-sided intelligence in discussing the points of sectarian difference which will bristle along his path. But there are certain habits of mind peculiar to the mere divine which may go far to neutralize the value even of these high and rare qualities. Public affairs will seldom appear in the same proportions to the spiritual man as to the layman. By magnifying one feature in his delineation of them, he will distort all the rest. The habits of his profession accustom him to dwell upon the text rather than the context—to pore over the words of his authority, rather than look round upon the circumstances which have elicited them. Even his own conscience makes a coward of him. He knows how much his own theological system, as well as every other, is built up on the authority of detached texts and statements; and in discussing a point at issue between rival communions, his very candour impels him to give greater weight and prominence than they really deserve to the disjointed passages which the contending parties have taken from their real place in the history of the times, and stored away, ticketed and labelled for use, in their respective armouries. Such has been, too generally, the way in which the great questions of early Church history have been treated. Our divines have almost confined themselves to discussions on particular texts of the Fathers. Romanists, Anglicans, and Presbyterians have each fancied that they gained additional confirmation of their views, not from the result of a wide inquiry into the manners, modes of thought, and prejudices of the times, but from a new and more ingenious turn given to the score or so of debatable expressions of Clement, Irenæus, Cyprian, or Tertullian, to which they have tacitly agreed to limit their field of battle.

The work of Mr. Greenwood, to which we wish to direct the attention of our readers, comes in illustration of these remarks. The *Cathedra Petri* is the first volume, and the only portion yet published, of a history of the Roman Church which is expected to extend to four more, in order to complete the subject down to the thirteenth century—the limit the author seems to have assigned to it. Mr. Greenwood is known as a barrister long attached to literary pursuits, and connected, since its foundation, with the University of Durham, in which he occupies the Chair of Reader in History. About twenty years ago, he published the commencement of a *History of the Germans*, in two thick quarto volumes—the last, we believe, of the race of histories in quarto—which was certainly designed on too grand a scale to be brought to a prosperous termination. The author breathes a gentle sigh over its fate, which we also regret from our recollection of the

extent of its research and the fidelity of its execution, as far as it went. Since that time, however, Mr. Greenwood has turned his thoughts in another direction; or rather, as he says in the preface to his new undertaking, the subject he had then in his mind led him to the consideration "of certain characteristics in the history of the Roman Pontificate which seemed the key to the mystery of the Papal power, or at least to point out the principal sources from which Papal Rome drew the elements of that signal vitality which has sustained her to the present time." The author goes on to explain the scope of his work in the following words, speaking of himself in the third person:—

Admitting that papal history must be in a great degree the history of religious opinion, it struck him that all living opinion is a matter of historical fact; and that it might be treated like all other fact, without inquiring into the dogmatic propriety of the theological grounds upon which it was based. With those grounds he was no further concerned than as they involved other matter triable by the ordinary methods of historical investigation. Viewing the subject in this light, he felt himself under no obligation to inquire how the result of the trial might affect the religious basis of the pontifical claims. Neither can it greatly concern the devoted adherents of the Church of Rome, to ascertain how any merely human or rationalistic investigation may affect an authority which they are bound to regard as the subject of original and continuous revelation . . . and, in fact, a distinction may be very properly taken between the history, properly so called, and the dogmatic theory of the Papacy. The latter will no doubt be treated by its advocates as the subject of a revelation transmitted through the Church catholic to all ages; consequently in that view, independent of all other attestation than that of the Church herself. . . . With this mode of treating the subject the writer of these pages has no concern. He proposes to deal with the facts only: he desires to investigate them by the rules applicable to all matters of fact; to assign to them their true historical character; to consider them in their relation to the social and moral state of the world, and especially to submit the political element in the papal scheme to more particular consideration; to bring that element into its natural connexion with the religious scheme; and, in the end, to leave it to the reader to form his own conclusions as to the validity of the papal claims, as he may deem them maintainable upon purely historical testimony. This mode of treatment exempts the author from the necessity of contesting any theological position whatever."

It will be seen that the temper in which this design is sketched is that of a layman rather than of a divine; and within the limits of this design Mr. Greenwood has confined himself with severe and logical precision. His style is homely, and sometimes harsh. He disclaims, with some asperity, the graces of description, whether of events or characters, which modern writers too often wander far out of their way to look for; and, in the present volume at least, we think that he has not done sufficient justice to the scope for collateral excursion which his own plan legitimately presents. Nevertheless, the work appears to us doubly valuable, both for the clearness with which the main line of argument is brought out from beginning to end, and the wider views which it cannot fail to suggest, however remotely, to the thoughtful and intelligent reader. Mr. Greenwood traces with considerable subtlety the successive stages by which the innocent metaphor which particularized the general teaching of the Church as the "foundation of St. Peter," and applied it with admiring emphasis to the illustrious Church of Rome, grew, in the imagination of Christendom, first, to an intimation of St. Peter's actual presence there—then, to an assertion of his having organized the congregation there antecedently to St. Paul's visit—next to an assurance of that church's superiority in spiritual knowledge, derived from him through tradition—again, to a claim of primacy of place, as the representative of the chief of the Apostles—and, finally, to a direct revelation of her pre-eminence in authority, as a court of appeal on all matters of doctrine and church discipline. This was the point reached in the first five centuries, to which this volume extends. Ampler developments of the same metaphor, but still gradual and successive ones, will be brought before us in those which are to follow. Amazing as these results appear, the student of history has no difficulty in referring them to the operation of natural causes. For the most part they grew up spontaneously, without design on the one hand, without observation on the other. We may imagine how, in an age of the world yearning for spiritual guidance, and awed by every assumption of spiritual authority, each concession made became naturally a ground for further pretensions—how, indeed, the patronage which Rome could offer was often sought by self-constituted clients—how often her claims were anticipated by the voluntary humiliation of her equals, and her authority thrust upon her by enthusiastic or interested votaries.

In order, indeed, to understand the mystery of the Papal usurpation, we must look at it from the point of view of secular history. The political supremacy of imperial Rome gave the first impulse to the spiritual supremacy of ecclesiastical Rome. Rome, as the seat of the conquerors, the rulers, the organizers of the world—Rome, as the central spot of the central sea of the world—Rome, as the focus of arts and literature, of commerce and civilization, stood more conspicuous among the cities of its vast empire, and appealed more strongly to the imagination of its hundred millions of subjects, than the capital of any modern commonwealth within its narrower limits. The chief statesmen, soldiers, jurists, artists, poets, philosophers, not to mention less dignified though hardly less influential professions—all the men in every class whose authority was highest and their superiority most cordially recognised—dwelt at Rome, or flocked to Rome, or went out from Rome. The chief pastor of the church on the Tiber felt that he filled a greater space in the eyes of the faithful throughout the world than his provincial cousin, the head of a congregation on the Gulf of Corinth. He was conscious of the regard and support of a more intelligent, a more

\* *Cathedra Petri*: a Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books I. and II., from the First to the close of the Fifth Century. By Thomas Greenwood, M.A., &c. &c. London: C. J. Stewart.

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active, a more conspicuous, a more hardly tried, and therefore perhaps a more truly spiritual, body of believers than his co-pastor abroad. And so, again, from the first, the spokesman of a petty provincial conventicle felt humbled in addressing the prelate whose chair was surrounded by the wisdom, learning, rank, and wealth of the metropolitan congregation—who had access to the hall of senators, perhaps even to the palace of Cæsar—who had stood the fiery test of the first world famous persecution. How much must we allow for the influence of the imagination under such a disparity of outward circumstances! Nor was it only a question of rival authority between Rome and particular churches, such as Corinth, Antioch, or Alexandria. It was rather a contest between the West generally, and the metropolitan churches of certain Eastern provinces. Rome was backed by the dutiful allegiance of her children throughout the Western world. No other Western Church pretended to have been founded by an apostle, or to show traditions of its own derived from an inspired teacher. The churches of the West were generally the spiritual colonies of the capital, and their devotion to their spiritual mother was analogous to that of the political colony to its parent State. They traced their laws, customs, and traditions to her, and held them because they were hers. As she gave the sanction to them, so she would naturally be allowed the interpretation of them. We must throw ourselves back into the sphere of ancient ideas and prejudices, to conceive the full force of this association, and the authority it gave to the teaching of the Head of the Western congregations. The question, whether St. Paul ever visited Spain or Britain, Gaul or Africa, has been treated too much, perhaps, as a matter of mere curious speculation. It seems to us that the subsequent career of the Church might have turned to a great degree upon the foundation by him of a church or churches in those regions. Had such been the case, certainly it would not have been forgotten. We are persuaded that this claim to apostolic origin would have been advanced by such churches in vindication of their independence and co-ordinate equality with Rome. Such a claim would have strengthened the hands of Cyprian of Carthage, and would have enabled Irenæus to point to his own church at Lyons as inferior in no respect to "the greatest, the most ancient, and most universally known of churches, to which, on account of its more powerful principality, the faithful on every side ought properly to resort."

## HARRY LORREQUER.\*

THIS is the first volume of a new edition of Mr. Lever's novels. His whole career is a remarkable illustration of the literary tastes of the present day; for there is, perhaps, no writer whose characteristics of style and manner are affected so deeply by the modern habit of publishing novels in parts. *Harry Lorrequer* is beyond all comparison the best of his works—indeed, its great and not undeserved success was the immediate cause of the adoption by its author of the regular profession of a periodical novel writer. He would seem, like so many other authors, to have been deceived, by a sudden accession of wealth, into confounding capital with income, and to have supposed that because he did in a short space of time write a popular book, he could repeat the experiment indefinitely. The mistake is as common as it is injurious, and it was the more unfortunate in Mr. Lever's case because the soil of his mind was too thin to allow of over-cropping.

His peculiar gifts are of a nature to which it is almost impossible for any criticism to do justice. Mr. Thackeray's caricature in *Punch's Prize Novelists* has exhausted the subject. His faults and merits are almost identical, for both the one and the other consist of exaggerations which are generally amusing and always incredible. Harry Lorrequer is a subaltern in a marching regiment which, at the opening of the story, has just landed at Cork on the conclusion of the peace of 1815. About the beginning of the book he is domesticated at the house of a certain Lord Callonby, who, mistaking him for his cousin, courts his society in the hope that he may ultimately marry his daughter. The young people fall in love, and, after a certain number of difficulties, marry in the usual manner. In the interval which the story fills up, Lieutenant Lorrequer contrives, without any particular relation to the main channel of events, to get into every scrape which can fall to the lot of man. Besides fighting, flirting, and love-making, he does a good deal in the way of gambling. He is suspected of passing forged notes, breaks half the bones in his body, hurls bootjacks at servants, gets drunk in a manner which is so purely ideal that it can scarcely be considered immoral, and is reduced to the strange necessity of masquerading about an hotel in a postilion's jacket and breeches, and making his appearance in a gentleman's drawing-room dressed like a servant in a play. Mr. Lever makes no pretence to being an artist—his only object is to make his readers laugh, and in that undertaking he signally succeeds. We should doubt whether any modern writer of novels—not excepting Mr. Dickens—has given such intense delight to the whole generation of schoolboys. The colours of the picture are, no doubt, sufficiently glaring, and the features of the characters are wonderfully exaggerated, so that, to an adult reader, the effect of the whole is considerably impaired by the continued repetition

of scrapes and exploits which are obviously all coined at the same mint. For example, it is rather too strong a strain on our love of the marvellous to find, in a journey from London to Munich, such a series of incidents as this:—Being at Paris, Mr. Lorrequer breaks the bank, and, with the assistance of three or four others, thrashes the whole company at a gaming-house. He fights a duel a day or two after with a man who shows his skill by cutting off with a pistol ball the thumb of a glove thrown up some twenty paces off; and he has for his second on the occasion "the largest officer in the British army," known, amongst other things, for tearing open the mouth of a French bully in order to spit down his throat, and breaking his jaw in the process. Not to mention some minor adventures of an amatory description, he is mistaken at the Strasburg theatre for a celebrated composer, and crowned with laurels before the assembled multitude. Finally, he goes to Munich, where he is presented to the King of Bavaria as *chargé d'affaires*, because he had accidentally become invested with that functionary's uniform. A few days after, he marries the earl's daughter, of whom he has been so long in pursuit, obtaining her father's consent by a series of manœuvres far too curious and surprising to be here narrated.

Readers of the *Spectator* will no doubt remember a paper in which are described the proceedings of "the Liar's Club." That very ugly name was applied by our forefathers with much less consideration than it is by us. We do not call a man a liar unless his falsehoods, as lawyers would say, "sound in damages." Mere saying the thing that is not, without doing or meaning to do any harm, is a bad habit no doubt; but if we look at it æsthetically rather than morally, it is little more than an exercise of the inventive faculty. Most of our readers must be acquainted with people who, without any sinister object—often without any object at all—constantly tell the most astounding and inconceivable falsehoods, with no possible motive except that of making their neighbours stare. Who is there who has not gravely listened to most marvellous legends of sporting adventures and athletic feats, with a composed countenance and an unbelieving heart? Gentlemen—especially Irish gentlemen—will tell you, with a certain rich enjoyment and amplitude of detail which a truth-speaking man will hardly ever attain, histories altogether mythical of the dogs they have bred, the horses they have ridden, the splendid properties which they have at various times possessed, and the wonderful resources which they have displayed in inconceivably thrilling dangers and difficulties; and they will do this when they not only know that they are lying, but know that all their audience are as fully aware of the fact as themselves. Yet they are often honourable men in the main, who would be really reluctant to do anything which they knew would inflict loss or suffering on another. The proper field for persons of this kind is novel-writing. What in real life is dangerous, not to say immoral, is a positive merit in a writer of fiction; and we feel that Harry Lorrequer has chosen his field rightly and wisely in adopting this walk of art. It is one which has existed from the earliest times. The *Arabian Nights* are perhaps the best known illustration of it; and when they are graduated to the notions of the nineteenth century, the machinery of the two classes of stories is substantially the same. Harry Lorrequer is the Sinbad of the period—a rich uncle is the diamond valley—and we have a number of hopelessly incredible feats to represent the roc and his egg. It is not a little singular that books of this class should be so uncommon in an age which lays out such an immense quantity of physical and intellectual capital on amusement; and, perhaps, it would not be hypercritical to say that it is a rather characteristic circumstance that one of the very few authors whose writings belong to it should be an Irishman. An Englishman is never amused unless he is busy. He has always a moral purpose of some sort or other in his head. Captain Marryat's novels are, perhaps, an exception; though even he mixes up with them a good many comments on naval matters, and in one of them, if we are not mistaken, he actually made a suggestion about naval discipline which was afterwards embodied in an Admiralty order. Mr. Dickens, as we have remarked on former occasions, is always in a flutter of dissatisfied philanthropy; and, indeed, it would be hard to mention a writer whose literary aims are of the somewhat humble character in question, who does not frequently ignore the limits which divide the leading article from the novel. Mr. Albert Smith, whose wholesome horror of every description of cant is one of the best features of his mind, is perhaps entitled to the same praise as Mr. Lever.

Another peculiarity of *Harry Lorrequer* is, that though both the characters and incidents are altogether remote from ordinary experience, and though they are almost entirely of the noisy and demonstrative class, it would be an injustice to the book to call it vulgar. There is nothing in it that gives the reader the impression that the author is otherwise than a gentleman—a very strange gentleman, no doubt, in a great number of ways, but still a man who has contrived to arrive at a practical solution of the great problem of complying with the ordinary rules of life without forfeiting his self-respect or hurting the feelings of his neighbours. Considering the mass of noisy persons who in these days infest light literature, seeking in every subject food for their own and their neighbours' vanity, it is satisfactory to find a man who can give way to the loudest and most uproarious mirth without making his readers despise him. Harry Lorrequer

\* *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer*. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

knows his place, and does not suppose that because he is a crack shot, and a marvellous steeple-chase rider, he is entitled to lay down the law upon every subject that comes in his way. When, by a series of wonderful adventures, he is introduced to the King of Bavaria, he does not think himself bound to mock at kings and courts; and when he commands a military guard at the assizes, he does not take the opportunity of sneering at the administration of justice, and insinuating that he could have replaced the judge and jury with great advantage to the public at large. He is a light-hearted, good-natured fellow, well pleased with himself and the world, and delighted to find an audience to listen to his wonderful stories. That he will find such an audience we have no sort of doubt; but whether his imitators and juniors will be equally successful is quite another question.

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